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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, Feb. 3, 1935

Lure by Inez Castello

Before Them Stepped a Girl of Simple and Refreshing Beauty, Wearing a Contrastingly Daring Frock.

CHAPTER I. Fine Feathers.

LURE! The fascination of beautiful things. The craving for money, and all that money can buy. The magnetism which draws one involuntarily to grasp the scepter of power. Of these, Isola Dearing felt only the first. And, being herself beautiful, the craving was only natural.

This afternoon she was at least on the fringe of her desire. See first the immense premises in Regent Street, over the white facade of which blazed the magic name, SULEIMAN, become the fashion center of London. The extensive salons, handsome staircases and luxuriously furnished lounges were profusely decorated in Moorish fashion. The fragrance of sandalwood gave to the atmosphere a flavor of the Orient. The clever lighting effects suggested Eastern artifice, intrigue, the romance of the Arabian Nights.

An orchestra aided that effect with minor cadences of the East, subdued and muted, occasionally rising to a paean of passionate triumph. And here, in the display theatre, West met East. Chattering over teacups, a company of elegantly dressed women, with an occasional man in attendance, had answered the invitation of the great Suleiman to succumb to the lure of fine feathers, to appraise and select for themselves from the latest creations.

Heavy curtains of velvet behind the brilliantly lighted stage had parted for the last time. It was exactly like Suleiman, a master of his art, to conserve the *bonne bouche* for the end.

Before them stepped a girl of simple and refreshing beauty, wearing a contrastingly daring frock. Isola Dearing, on the fringe of her desire.

One felt that she was nervous, with this battery of critical eyes turned upon her. A rich color came and went in her dimpling cheeks. Her large eyes, of a deep sea-blue, were momentarily flecked by the white riders of fright. The lips of blush-rose, most delicately curved and sweet in expression, were tremulously parted. She seemed to shrink with a charming modesty.

Then, without doubt, the ripple of applause gave her a greater courage. The tiniest shake of her coronal of glorious sun-gold hair, which haloed the sweet oval of her innocent face, made of her imperious little head a thing of flaming beauty.

And now she stepped forward with a dainty boldness, beginning to move and

pose gracefully, so as to show off to its best advantage the frock she was wearing. Voices drifted to her ears vaguely as she passed.

"Jove! What a dream of a girl!" A man, of course, a challenge of admiration swiftly taken up by a woman with him.

"We're here to look at frocks, Gervase, not girls! And she's the wrong type, anyhow, to be wearing that frock. Too milk and watery."

Then another woman of the same party: "I don't agree with that, Pat. Here's an example of Suleiman's cleverness. He puts a daring frock on the back of a girl who looks as innocent as a madonna, and asks which appeals to you most?"

"Give me, in this case, the innocence!" laughed the man, again to be challenged by the first woman.

"If you're alluding to the girl, Gervase, I shouldn't set much count by innocence. Suleiman's beauty-chung isn't chosen for that quality, dear boy."

All of which Isola Dearing heard, and—
hearing—passed on. The personal libel brought color flaming to her cheeks, a flash of anger to her eyes. She could not answer it, and therefore it was the more cruel. She wanted to answer it.

The man was someone whom, at least, she knew by sight. She had known him in that distant fashion for close on a month. From one of the windows at the back of Suleiman's building you could see at times right into the man's flat.

Isola's duties had often brought her near that window. Her quite innocent interest in the man himself drew her eyes toward the place he lived, fascinated by his personality, feeling in a curiously intimate way that she shared his existence. It had amazed her when she came out from behind those heavy velvet curtains to see him there. It was that, rather than nervousness, which had caused her first of all to hesitate, to show embarrassment.

She could see him now but faintly be-

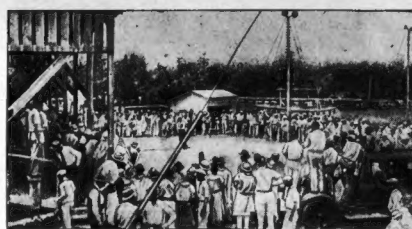
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If You Could Jump Like a Frog



A Bullfrog, With Its Amazingly Muscular and Powerful Hind Legs, Soars Leap Through the Air. This Homely Looking Fellow Is a Relative of the New World's Champion.



Part of the Crowd That Gathered at Wauchoa, Florida, for the Frog-Jumping Contest, Won by "Woo-Pep," the Pop-eyed Cuckoo That Cleared Thirteen Feet Seven Inches.

THE other day 15,000 excited people gathered on the sun-parched greenward of a park in Wauchoa, Florida, and broke out into a lusty cheer when a muscled, pop-eyed athlete made a standing broad jump of thirteen feet, seven inches. The athlete's name is "Woo-Pep," and he is a common marsh frog with the kind of hind legs that are edible as well as elastic.

The cheer was prolonged into an ovation because the frog had established a new world's jumping record for his breed and won for the State of Florida an honor that Californians had pointed at with pride since 1922, when a frog with the hoppy name of

Budweiser cleared thirteen feet, three inches, before an admiring crowd of rosters at Angels Camp. Devotees of the sport which was revived six years ago after languishing in popularity since Civil War days, predicted at that time that the like of Budweiser never would be found in any of the country's swamps and bogs. And then along came Woo-Pep to set a new mark, for the honor of Florida and frogdom.

A little mathematical computation reveals that the leap made at Wauchoa is a prodigious achievement when the size and the weight of the frog are taken into consideration. The winner was taken into consideration. The winner, a new champion tipped the scales at a pound and one-half and it is safe to

This Sketch Shows What a Prodigious Jump a Human Athlete Could Make If He Were as Powerful in the Legs as the Frog That Cleared More Than Thirteen and a Half Feet. The Frog Weighed One and a Half Pounds. If a Human Athlete Weighing 150 Pounds, or 100 Times as Much as the Frog, Could Jump 100 Times as Far as the Frog, He Could—From a Standing Start—Leap 1,350 Feet and, at the Top of His Flight, Go Over the Top of a Building 300 Feet High.

assume that the average weight of the ablest human broad jumper—who have the added benefit of a running start—is 150 pounds, 100 times the weight of Woo-Pep.

Based on the computation on weight, an Olympic broad jumper scaling 150 pounds would have to leap 100 times as far as the frog to match the frog's record—and that would be 1,350 feet.

The best that any representative of homo sapiens has been able to do to date is something under 26 feet.

The judges at the Florida sporting event say that, in the course of his record-smashing flight, the nation's No. 1 frog thrust himself three feet above ground. For a human athlete to turn in a comparable performance, it would be necessary for him to multi-

ply that distance by 100, which would take him over the top of a 300-foot building.

The artist's sketch shows, graphically, what a human track star would have to do to rate himself in the same class with Woo-Pep, who rose from the obscurity of some reed-fringed bog to the sport pages of half the country's newspapers. The sketch is drawn to a scale 100 feet to an inch.

During the first hour of Wauchoa's first annual frog frolic the crowd held little hope that the record could be smashed from California because Woo-Pep, in his first two or three jumps, managed to clear only twelve feet, five inches. Another entrant, one Wimp, leaped exactly the same distance and it seemed that the contest would end in a tie, almost a foot short of a new record.

Fortunately for the current king of the swamps the judges—Mayor E. E. Ausley, Postmaster Gerald Parr and Clerk of Courts Clyde Simmons—decided that the frogs would have to

jump again to determine which would take the first prize of \$50.

Woo-Pep, was given a pep talk by his owner, Jack Clitt, and must have understood that he was on the spot and that nothing short of his best would do. He folded his meaty haunches beneath his glistering green body, blinked his eyelids a time or two and sailed off into space, his legs stretched out behind him like the fuselage of a racing plane.

Everyone in the crowd held his breath when the frog sent up a miniature cloud landing in the flour that was spread over the arena and the judges laid their steel tape from the take-off line to the hindmost of Woo-Pep's footprints. And pandemonium broke out when the judges, waving their arms and leaping in weak imitation of the squirming bit of green in Jack Clitt's hand, announced that Woo-Pep not only had won the meet but had brought the world's championship to Wauchoa in its first annual frog frolic.

Newest Fashions For Firemen

THE styles for the "smoke eaters" of the British Isles are undergoing a radical change. This is not because the old modes didn't look all right but because the new ones are much more comfortable and greatly increase the efficiency of the wearers.

Bond Street's dictators of masculine dress had nothing to do with the ultra-modern vogue because the working uniforms of the country's fire brigades are not designed for esthetic appearance. The only consideration is practicality and it is the scientists, working quietly in their laboratories, who have been responsible for the old-looking outfit which the well-dressed fireman is wearing these days.

The old-time helmet, with its long rear section intended to shed water from the head and person of the fire-fighter has given way to a chapeau that looks strangely like the hoods worn by the members of certain fraternal organizations. The hood is fashioned of asbestos cloth, which is heat and flame-resistant, and completely covers the head and shoulders. Two peep-holes, fitted with special glass, are cut through for the eyes.

The old-style shirt and trousers, which used to be made of woolen cloth, have been replaced by a one-piece suit of asbestos fabric which makes it possible for a fireman to walk through flames without getting burned or feeling any discomfort, unless he lingers too long in the intense heat. These white outfits were adopted only after exhaustive tests in the laboratory and, in time, every fire brigade in England will have a wardrobe of them. Right now the new style suits are used chiefly

in fighting airplane and automobile fires and configurations at oil storage plants.

The umbrella, which matches the new-day styles, was the subject of more or less good-natured ridicule when it first appeared in the British capital. Wage in the crowds watching the firemen in their maneuvers shouted such remarks as, "What's the bally umbrella for? You're not strolling along the beach at Blackpool."

"Never mind taking a blooming parachute with you; climb down the ladder."

But, for all these quips, the firemen find the asbestos umbrella a highly practical for shielding them from searing tongues of flame, and with the collapsible parasite they can go places that they could not get to without them. Most of the country's airports now carry several of the umbrellas among their emergency equipment.

Mock, an Orangutan in the London Zoo, Got So Discouraged During a Recent Spell of Hot Weather That He Quit Playing and Eating and Spent Most of His Time in This Discouraged Attitude.



He's Got Those Hot Weather Blues

WHEN Mock, one of the best of the orangutans in the London Zoo, was in his native element he probably didn't mind the jungle heat and found ways of making himself comfortable.

But in his cage in the institution's monkey house he can't seem to take tropical weather gracefully and just gives up when the mercury climbs to the neighborhood of 90 degrees.

During an exceptionally hot and sultry spell of weather that kept most Londoners fanning themselves and mopping their brows, Mock be-

came so bored with life that he refused to show off for the benefit of visitors and spent most of the time shifting from one part of his cage to another in search of the coolest spot to take a nap.

He is a remarkably human-looking fellow anyway and, despite his inactivity, managed to provide no end of amusement to spectators by the changing expression on his face.

But during the hottest part of the day Mock surrendered completely to the heat and lay listlessly on his back, toying with his leather-like feet and, apparently, trying to sleep until the sun went down.

The photograph, caught by a newspaper photographer who went to the zoo to record the hot weather antics of the birds and beasts, shows the orangutan napping away, obviously feeling very sorry for himself. His pose was amusingly human and was not unlike the posture of equally uncomfortable humans stretched out on the benches along the Thames and in the open spaces of Hyde Park.

Woman Leaves Family of 151

MRS. CAROLINE FAQUETTE, one of the oldest residents of Fall River, Massachusetts, is dead. But she is not forgotten, and she probably never will be forgotten, because in her 88 years on earth she established something of a record in the way of descendants. She is survived by 151 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, not to mention two brothers and two sisters.

Mrs. Faquette was a native of Canada and, as her name suggests, was of French-Canadian stock. She married young and raised five sons and three daughters; not a particularly big family as Rooseveltian rhinoceros go. But when these children of hers grew up and married they did a great deal to keep the name of Faquette prominently in the vital statistics. Altogether they were blessed with 76 offspring—which is an average of better than nine children each—and to date these grandchildren of Caroline Faquette have increased the population by 67 up-and-coming citizens of both sexes and various ages.

In the natural course of events there will be more grandchildren, and only a mathematician would dare conjecture the eventual size of the Faquette clan.



The New Fireproof, Asbestos Uniform of Many English Fire-Fighting Brigades Have Been Augmented by an Umbrella of the Same Flame-Resisting Material, Which Enables the Firemen to Approach Close to the Fire and Battle It With Water and Chemicals. This New Outfit Has Proved Itself Especially Effective in Putting Out Airplane and Automobile Fires.

Gets a Doll Every Year From Her Indian Friends

WHAT is perhaps the finest private collection of real Indian dolls in America is the proud possession of Romona Luttrell, of San Francisco. This little girl, when she was a baby, visited Yosemite National Park with her father and mother. She took a decided fancy for the Indians in their brightly colored blankets and painted feather headdresses, and the Indians returned the compliment by presenting her with a doll, an accurate and surprisingly realistic reproduction of a pupo wrapped in a little hand-woven blanket. At the time Romona was too young to appreciate what an unusual toy had come to her but because it was her disposition to find the copper-skinned inhabitants of the park fascinating company. But her folks knew that this was no doll to be destroyed by thoughtless baby hands, and they put it away until the child was older.

When her next birthday came around Romona received a slightly bigger doll from her Indian acquaintances, and for the next nine years a bigger and better doll arrived as sure as her birthday came around. She now has 11 little Indians in her family, and the photograph shows her mothering the entire valuable collection. She wouldn't part with one of them for the costliest walking-and-talking doll in the world.

Besides being splendid examples of Indian ingenuity, the dolls are accurate in costume and accoutrements to the minute detail. Every little feather and bead is as it should be. No one but an Indian, with a knowledge of the traditions of the Red Men could make such dolls.

It is Romona's intention to keep her famous collection of dolls intact as long as she lives, and when she has grown up and gets married, as she expects to do, she is going to keep them in a special cabinet where she and her friends can admire them.



When Romona Luttrell, of San Francisco, Was a Baby, the Indians in Yosemite National Park Took a Fancy to Her and Presented Her With a Doll. Every Year Since She Made Her Appearance and a Bigger One, and Her Unique Collection Now Numbers Eleven.

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Queer Matrimonial Doings of the Gould Family

Old Jay Gould's Great-Granddaughter Anne, Who Recently Married an Actor Who Played the Role of a Corpse in a Short-Lived Broadway Play, the Latest of a Long Series of Strange Romances and Divorces



A Scene from "Yellow Jack" in Which Jay Gould's Newest Grandson-in-Law Played a Brief Engagement as a Corpse at \$25 Per Week. He Has Just Been Carried Off the Stage.

ANNE DOUGLAS GOULD, great-granddaughter of Jay Gould, founder of the family fortunes, eloped recently with Frank Spencer Meador, an actor.

The Gould family is proverbially unlucky in love and notorious for its queer matrimonial doings, and actors do not always make the most durable husbands; yet most everyone seems to think this latest romance has a chance of lasting quite a while.

The reason is that young Meador, though an actor appears to be just the right kind to get along with an heiress. If he were a poor actor who had been unable to get anywhere on the stage she would have no respect for him and love would be short-lived. On the other hand an actor of any prominence at all, feels that he has a public to worry about. This means that when he is in a restaurant or other public place, he cannot let himself appear to be playing second fiddle to anyone, even an heiress.

Now Meador was a good actor, in fact, he might almost be called a star in a very limited class. But he only appeared in one play, "Yellow Jack," did not get his name on the program and therefore has no public to worry about.

A man is an actor if he steps on stage to deliver a letter or a pot of tea and makes his exit without uttering a word. If permitted to speak a single sentence, such as: "The carriage is at the door, Sir," it lifts him into another class, the speaking part.

Miss Gould's husband was technically in that first humble class. Like the ideal child, he was seen but not heard. He had to be because he played the role of a corpse. There were several corpses in that play but the others were all dummies. Therefore his was the leading corpse role, as Mrs. Anne Gould Meador is said to point out with truth and pardonable pride:

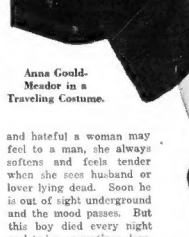
"He was the star corpse in that show."

Besides this, he doubled as a soldier, in a group of others, mute again but alive, and he served in this stage army, if not with distinction, at least with honor. For playing both the quick and the dead, he received the minimum actor's salary of \$25 a week. Even that made him more than an ordinary soldier, like some of the others because these, as extra men, were paid only \$2 a day. When the show closed in New York, he received a honorable discharge both as soldier and cadaver.

This was not only a perfect record on his side of the footlights, but on the other side all this time he had been successfully wooing and winning an heiress on his \$25 a week salary. Frank must have been a pretty live young man to lead Miss Gould into the habit of coming to the theatre every night. After that, a peculiar psychology began working on her which in time was almost certain to lead the pair as it did to a justice of the peace. It is said that no matter how mean



Anna Gould Meador in a Traveling Costume.



Two of Frank Gould's Three Wives—Right, Edith Kelly, His Second—Left, the Present Mrs. Gould.

and hateful a woman may feel to a man, she always softens and feels tender when she sees husband or lover lying dead. Soon he is out of sight underground and the mood passes. But this boy died every night and twice on matinee days, followed by a happy resurrection and reunion after the performance. Anne grew tenderer and tenderer, until finally they just had to go to one of those officials who, in spite of the fact that they marry people, are called "justices of the peace."

In short, like many of the Gould girls, Anne eloped.

Now as for Mr. Meador's ability, let nobody imagine that playing the inanimate part of a dead man, requires less of it than small animate parts, such as that of one of the stretcher-bearers who carried Frank down past the footlights where the audience could see him. Anybody could have played a stretcher-bearer because nobody was looking at them. Most anyone can say, "The carriage is waiting," because it does not matter whether the line is spoken well or not.

But playing the part of a man

Gloria Gould, who was married at 16. Divorced at 22. Went on the stage and quit it for a second husband.

So young Meador scorned all these openings, and, reversing Horace Greeley's advice, went East instead of West to seek his fortune. "Playing possum" on the stage he found his fortune and married it.

It has been said of the Gould romances as of the Bourbon royal family: "They have found nothing and forgotten nothing."

But Anne seems to be a very sensible young person. She has given up her New York studio, where she had been modeling and playing with art in various ways. There are certainly plenty of unemployed artists, to say nothing of the unemployed ones, on the way to devote her energies to

Following Mr. Meador into a model husband, for which he seems to be excellent raw material.

Not all the bridegrooms were, although whatever may be said about the founder's husband methods in accumulating the fortune, a Jay Gould's domestic life was above reproach.

He had just one wife, Helen Miller Gould, six children, no divorce and no scandal. But his oldest son, George, started a new and livelier deal by marrying an actress, Edith Kingdon. She broke her mother-in-law's record by presenting the world with seven assorted Goulds.

Other members complained that this stage alliance was hurting the family's reputation of the Gould tribe by legal restraints.

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Frank, youngest of the second generation, started off sedately enough by wedding Helen Margaret Kelly, a New York society girl. After having two children, he also became dazzled by the footlights, was divorced and married Edith Kelly, a London dancer. This was one of the most furiously unhappy of the Gould romances. Almost from the start, they went to work on each other. Each mobilized an army of detectives to shadow the other and a sort of counter-espionage corps to learn in advance what the other was up to. Once, in Paris, each raided the other's establishment on the same night.

Frank finally won the war and the divorce. After that, he married the charming Mrs. Florence Leazar, of the "Follies Bergere," about whom Edith had held strong suspicions.

Having fixed up one title deal for her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Gould put over another one for Vivien, one of George's seven legitimates. At the age of eighteen, Vivien married Lord Deedes, who was then forty-five. The net results of that match for Vivien were one son and two daughters. There was no divorce or even legal separation when she died in 1931.

Another of George and Edith's seven was Jay, 2nd, who kept away from actresses and other perils, devoting himself to tennis and squash. In 1911, he married Anna Douglas Graham, who had no title but the blood of a royal Hawaiian ancestor. Nevertheless, they remained peacefully married ever since, contributing to the Gould dynasty, a son, Jay 3rd, and two daughters, Eleanor and Anne, the young lady who has just defied the Gould hard-luck tradition by marrying a theatrical person.

Following Mr. Gloria, another of George's daughters, who when she was only sixteen told the family that she was going to marry Henry A. Bishop, Jr., then a student in Yale—although the family found out they couldn't, and so they gave her a big party for about six years and then Gloria got a divorce and the custody of her little girl. She went on the stage declaring that she was through with marriage forever, but later married Walter McFarlane Barker, gave up the stage and retired into apparently happy domesticity. However, Gloria is only twenty-eight and has plenty of time to acquire more husbands.

George, Jr., played with a dancer, Laura Carter. George, Sr., was very indignant about it and didn't speak to her for a while. The late Edith, who Laura divorced George, Jr., who later married Jacqueline Vaillet, a French actress.

Early in the proceedings there was an attempt to suppress the matrimonial turbulence of the Gould tribe by legal restraints.

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Anne Gould and her husband, Mr. F. S. Meador, looking as happy as a king. Though he'd never played a corpse on the stage.

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Married the Sheriff Who Tried to Send Her to Electric Chair



Charles M. Carran, the Victim of Murder, Whose Death Landed His Lonely Widow in a Cell.

THE records of the up-and-coming city of Knoxville, Tennessee, show that among the good people of that community will be found a married couple—the J. Ed. Creels.

The neighbors of the Creels, if they were asked, undoubtedly would testify that the Creels are nice, easy-going people, that Mr. Creel is a broad-shouldered, quiet-spoken man and that his wife keeps a comfortable and attractive home and is more than passably good-looking.

In short, Mr. Creel and his wife seem to be average American citizens, living normal lives against the usual not-too-romantic-and-adventurous-background that is the lot of the ordinary person.

The story of this couple, however, is anything but ordinary. It reads like the plot of a movie conceived by one of Hollywood's most dramatic and imaginative story tellers, and goes back to the day, more than four years ago, when Mr. Creel, then sheriff of Campbell County, Georgia, was summoned from his bed to get to work on a murder mystery.

A party of foxhunters, riding along a lonely stretch of back road about 15 miles south of Atlanta, had come upon a man and a woman. The man, one Charles M. Carran, was dead. The woman, his wife, lay beside him, bound hand and foot. She had managed to slip a gag off her mouth and it was her piercing cries that brought the hunters to the spot.

The woman told a likely enough story. She and her husband had been to the home of one Claude Wilson, a farmer, and were on their way back to Atlanta. The purpose of their call on Farmer Wilson was to locate a daughter of Mrs. Carran's, a child by a former marriage.

On a little traveled stretch of road some negroes had held them up and demanded money. One of the negroes

had slugged Mr. Carran over the head, killing him, and had bound and gagged her.

Sheriff Creel, being a conscientious and efficient limb of the law, looked up Farmer Wilson and asked him a lot of questions. He learned a great deal that he hadn't heard from the lips of the pretty widow.

Wilson informed the sheriff that Mrs. Carran's daughter hadn't been in that part of the country for more than five years and said that Mrs. Carran knew that. He told how he and the Carrans had taken several drives from a bottle of gin and that Mr. Carran seemed "dazed" as he drove out of the Wilson yard. And in spite of the fact that he had given his guests explicit directions how to get back to Atlanta by the most direct road, Mrs. Carran—who was driving the car—turned in the opposite direction.

A day or two later several residents of Campbell County came forward and told the sheriff that they had seen Mrs. Carran the day before the tragedy. At least two people had seen her in about the same spot where she and her dead husband were found by the foxhunters. There had been a man with her.

This unexpected testimony refreshed the pretty widow's memory. She had forgotten to mention that she and her late husband had driven along that road the day before the killing. She thought the fact that they had stopped at the very spot where they were attacked the following day could only be explained as an odd coincidence.

What Sheriff Creel thought of the case up to this point only he could explain, but when some of the people who had seen the widow and the man walking beside the road viewed the body of Mr. Carran and declared that he was not the man they had seen with Mrs. Carran, there was nothing else to do but lock the widow up in the county jail and let her tell her story to the grand jury.

It was the sheriff's job to dig up such evidence as he could to put before the jury. Whether he liked the assignment or not, it was his duty to prove the woman guilty of murder—if she was guilty—and do his best to send her to the electric chair.

Eventually the sheriff's investigation took him to Jacksonville, where he discovered that there had been "another man" in Mrs. Carran's life. This fellow had disappeared from Jack-



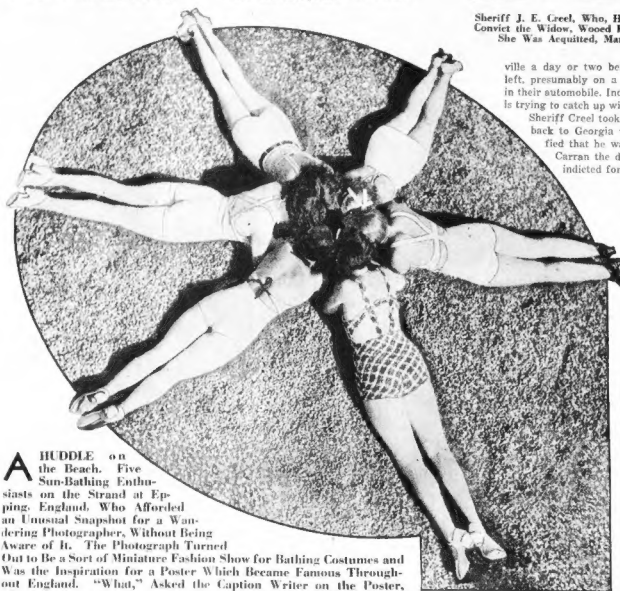
Sheriff J. E. Creel, Who, Having Tried to Convict the Widow, Wooded Her and, When She Was Acquitted, Married Her.

ville a day or two before the Carrans had left, presumably on a sort of vacation trip in their automobile. Incidentally, the law still is trying to catch up with this individual.

Sheriff Creel took photographs of the missing man back to Georgia with him, and several people testified that he was the fellow they had seen with Mrs. Carran the day before the murder. The widow was indicted for the murder of her husband and it seemed impossible for her to escape imprisonment—or the electric chair.

But she did—and is now the more than passably good-looking and home-loving Mrs. J. Ed. Creel, held in such high esteem by her neighbors in Knoxville, Tennessee.

The sheriff, whose job it was to do his utmost to send the woman to her death, resigned his commission soon after a jury refused to convict her, followed his one-time prisoner to Atlanta and took her for better or for worse in a quiet marriage ceremony performed in Heflin, Alabama.



A HUDDLE on the Beach. Five Sun-Bathing Enthusiasts on the Strand at Epping, England, Who Afforded an Unusual Snapshot for a Wandering Photographer, Without Being aware of It. The Photograph Turned Out to Be a Sort of Miniature Fashion Show for Bathing Costumes and Was the Inspiration for a Poster Which Became Famous Throughout England. "What," Asked the Caption Writer on the Poster, "are these five young women gossiping about?"

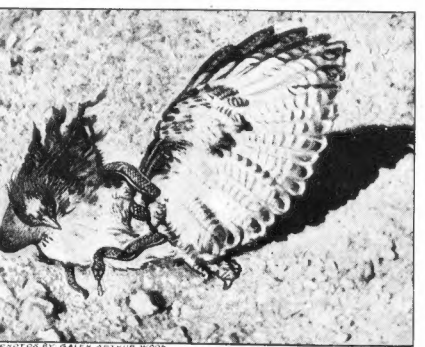
The Snake That Caught a Hawk

ONE of the strangest battles ever recorded by the camera took place not long ago in the woods near Alpine Lake, California. The antagonists, as the photographs show, were a red-tailed hawk and a small gopher snake.

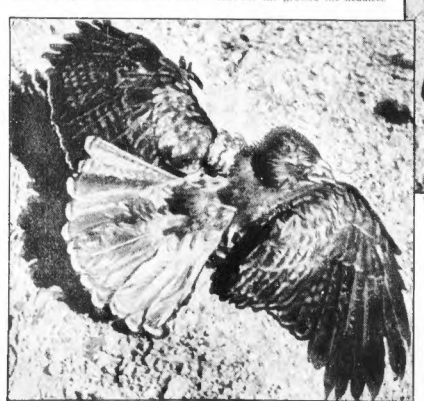
The battle was witnessed by Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Wood, who caught the action with a high-speed camera. When they first saw the hawk in the woods they thought it was wounded and unable to fly. But on closer examination they found that one of the bird's wings was in the grip of the coils of a snake no longer than the bird's two-

foot wingspread. When the witnesses to the struggle saw that the snake was getting the best of it, they poked at it with a walking stick. The reptile, angered at this interference, lashed out at the stick, but maintained his firm grip on the hawk. Finally Mr. Wood killed the snake with a sharp blow on its small, triangular head. The head was cut off. For a moment or two the hawk flopped about in the roadway and refused to get in the air with the reptile's body still hanging limply from one of its wings. When the bird was about 10 feet off the ground the headless

snake dropped off and the hawk was free of its enemy. The hawk was so worn out by the encounter, however, that it lit in a nearby tree and rested before attempting to get away from the scene of the battle.



The Camera Operating Almost as Rapidly as the Snake, Clicked Just as the Snake, Straining Its Muscles, Threw the Hawk to One Side and Entwined the Bird, Constricting It Until It Was Helpless.



Evidently the Hawk Was Struggling About and Did Not See the Snake, Which Quickly Coiled Two Strands Around the Bird's Neck Wing.

Killed by His Own "Thief Trap"

WHEN Monroe C. Grovers, country storekeeper of Huntsville, North Carolina, breathed his last the other day, the county authorities recorded one of the strangest cases of accidental death ever to come to their attention.

Mr. Grovers was shot as he entered his store. He was felled by a discharge from a shotgun. No murderer pulled the trigger. Mr. Grovers didn't commit suicide. Yet he was killed by his own gun and in a way, was responsible for his tragic end.

It took the police a day or two to untangle the unusual situation, but the explanation was forthcoming when it was learned that the 73-year-old storekeeper was the inventor of what he called a thief trap which he kept in working order for ten years.

The trap was as simple as it was efficient. It consisted of a shot gun and a cord. Every night when the storekeeper locked up his place of business he attached one end of the cord to the trigger of the gun. The muzzle was trained on the door so that anyone opening the door would jerk the cord and be greeted with a charge of buckshot.

Naturally, the keeper of the village store didn't talk much about his thief trap, so only a few of his customers knew about it.

Every night for ten years the old man set his trap when he locked the door of his emporium and every morning he went through certain mysterious maneuvers so that he, himself, wouldn't be shot when he swung the door open. Perhaps his mind was filled with business worries, or private concerns, on that morning not long ago when he forgot the habit of a decade and entered his store without first disconnecting his thief trap. The instant the door swung wide there was a deafening report and the old man fell forward.

Some of his neighbors found him, still breathing, but mortally wounded. The news got about the countryside that rangers had killed Monroe Grovers. Such stories lose nothing in the telling and some went so far as to describe, in detail, how the old man had come face to face with a burglar when he opened the door and had been shot down in cold blood.

But relatives who knew about the thief trap explained the situation to the police and the shotgun and the cord

that ran from the trigger through a small opening in the door jamb were found. It was plain that the storekeeper had brought about his own end, though it couldn't be said that he committed suicide.

It would have been much wiser, perhaps, if the North Carolina man had fashioned his thief trap along the lines of a device with which Robert Norbury, a London tractor farmer, caught a fellow who had been robbing his poultry house.

The Englishman designed his thief trap not around a gun but a camera. He hid the camera inside his poultry house and focused the lens on the door. Then he ran a small cord from the shutter of the camera to the door so that when the door was opened sufficiently to admit a man the cord would be tightened and the shutter closed.

To make certain that this thief trap would catch a good picture of the marauder, another cord was strung from the door to a piece of metal in a tin tub. This cord was just the right length so that the metal would rattle against the side of the tub and cause the thief to turn his head quickly to see what the racket was. The whole ingenious mechanism was so made that the camera caught a good profile "shot" of the crook.

When the film was developed and turned over to the police, the thief was promptly arrested and brought to justice. The trap worked as well as a shotgun would have—and Mr. Norbury never had to jog his memory to avoid serious and, perhaps fatal, injury.



The Non-Skid Cycle, With Its Two Compensating Side Wheels, Which Grip the Road During Sudden Turns or Cereening.

Non-Skid Motorcycle Invented by Scientist

PROFESSOR LORANT, VIENNA. Austrian scientist, recently took time off from his physics and chemistry to work out the mechanism for a non-skid motorcycle. The photograph at the right shows the device preventing a rider and his machine from taking a spill while going around a curve at high speed.

Professor Lorant's invention seems to be as practical as it is simple. It consists of two small rubber-tired wheels attached to a flexible frame. When the motorcycle is rolling over the road in an upright position the smaller wheels are off the ground and out of the way of the operator's feet. But when the machine inclines sharply to the right, or the left, the wheels come in contact with the ground and the cycle actually becomes a tricycle instead of a two-wheeled vehicle.

The safety wheels are fitted with balloon tires which are not blown up hard. This low pressure adds to their traction surface when they touch the ground and increases the stability of the motorcycle. The little wheels have non-skid tires on their tires, just like the larger tires.

In tests of the device a well-known motorcycle racer successfully took turns at a mile a minute on a slippery track.

What Is Happiness? Nobody Agrees

Professor Laird Explains Why Millionaire Munsell Couldn't Buy It by Giving Away His Fortune, That Women are Probably Less Happy Than Men, and That Everybody Has Ups and Downs of Elation and Depression Like Ocean Tides

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D., Sc. D.,
Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

WHAT is happiness? Nobody agrees. And what the majority of individuals feel sure will bring happiness usually turns out an empty fantasy, as pointless as chasing a rainbow.

Women are inclined to be less happy than men, experiments would seem to prove.

Also happiness apparently has its periodic rise and falls, like the tides. It has a rhythm, so that there are times when nothing can make us happy, and times when everything delights. This has been measured in the laboratories. There are some persons who move from happy top to unhappy bottom every eight days and from bottom to top in the same period. With others the changes take three months.

A study of 9,000 city children revealed that 23 boys in a hundred wished they'd never been born, while 30 percent of the girls confessed the same thing.

Newspeople readers saw with surprise the other day that Mr. A. E. O. Munsell, a 39-year-old millionaire, had shared his fortune with his wife and had then given away every penny of his own share to seek peace of mind and happiness. Mr. Munsell found himself with empty pockets and no job. He became a member of the bread line and slept at a Government shelter—a "flophouse" for the down-and-outs. It was Mr. Munsell's idea of happiness. But none of his million dollars is Mr. Munsell really happy?

Mr. James Eads How, a few years ago, was prominently in the news. Mr. How was a St. Louis millionaire who preferred a life among the ragged hoboes to the comforts his money entitled him to, but he did not give up his fortune. Mr. How would rather ride in freight cars than Pullman coaches and he preferred the stale cheese, doughnuts and bread crusts in a tramp's jungle to the dinners prepared by a French chef. How married a charming woman, who persuaded him to shed his worn-out shoes and threadbare clothes, get shaved and take a bath. But this clean and comfortable life did not suit him and he deserted and resumed his wanderings among the "knights of the road."

Stranger things than giving away their money or living in squalor have been done in the burning quest for personal happiness. People have left civilization and gone to uninhabited islands to live a Robinson Crusoe existence. Much has been printed recently about the strange human beings who have tried to live themselves from the world and its cares on Phoenix Island in the Galapagos Group on the Equator. But instead of happiness the numskull bodies of two have recently been found on the sun-scorched beach.

Dr. Ritter, the first pioneer, died because no medical man or appliance were within reach, and the extraordinary "Empress" Baroness, Bertha von Wagner Wehrborn and one of her strange followers have disappeared. Thus the Garden of Eden turned out to be a seething crater of troubles, quarrels, disappointment and death.

Some have sought mental being in monasteries and convents, while others have taken refuge in hospitals for mental patients.

One day Anatole France, the eminent author, visited the great artist Rodin in his studio in the rue de l'Université in Paris. "Have you ever experienced perfect happiness," Anatole France asked him.

"Never," said Rodin.

"I have experienced pleasure," Ana-

tole France continued, "but I do not think that happiness is within the reach of mortal man."

As we look back, we are inclined to think that our youth was extremely happy. But this is

due to an error of memory. We have a tendency to forget unpleasant things and remember the pleasant ones; this makes past events seem more agreeable than they might have been at the time. It also points the practical moral of recalling the past rather than worrying about the future if we wish to be happy.

Evidence that childhood is not so happy as our memories would inveigle us into imagining, is afforded by the recent study made by Dr. Ruth S. Cavan of 9,000 children. She discovered that 23 percent of city boys wished they had never been born. With girls it was worse. For Dr. Cavan found 30 percent of the girls admitted this. It is the problem of protracted human happiness. Whether or not it fits in with one's philosophy of life, the fact is incontestable that happiness is an important if not the most important aim of human endeavor.

It is strange what things will make people unhappy, and equally strange the things that make some of them supremely happy. Some 10 percent of girls, for instance, who dearly love to be boys, but only one-half of one percent of boys would have been girls. Then there are many persons who have developed their inner life in such a peculiar way that they are not really happy unless they have something to complain about. Everyone knows someone, for instance, who dearly loves to recite all the details of their illnesses; if the people were to become well and healthy they would be genuinely miserable.

Consider, too, those people who look forward to having at least one family fight a week. The fracas strikes the onlooker as anything but enjoyable, yet wives will bait their husbands out of jail so the beating can be continued.

Iandora Duncan, the classic dancer,

Iandora Duncan, the Famous American Dancer, Tried to Find Happiness Living Like a Woman of Ancient Greece and Having Many Sweethearts, But Admitted Before Her Tragic Death That She Still Did Not Know What Happiness Was.



The Facial Resemblance of These Two Eccentric Philanthropists Is Notable.

James Eads How, "Millionaire Hobo," Who Spent His Fortune on Tramps and Lived Like a Tramp, Beating His Way on Freight Cars, Which Was His Idea of Happiness.

A. E. O. Munsell, the Millionaire, Who Gave Away Half His Fortune to Various Charities and Half to His Wife, So He Could Be Poor and Happy. The Facial Resemblance of These Two Eccentric Philanthropists Is Notable.

thought she could find no happiness in modern life, so she tried to recreate for herself the life of a woman of ancient Greece. She did not think she could find happiness in marriage, so she took many lovers. Her children died tragically and at last so did she. Many times she told friends that always true happiness had vanished as she reached out to clutch it.

Georgette Leblanc, brilliant French actress, thought she could attain happiness by sacrificing her career and life to the Belgian poet, Maurice Maeterlinck. For years she fought against sorrow and disillusionment. At last, when she was aging, Maeterlinck married a totally unimportant French girl who was still in her teens. Georgette was left forlorn, with career and life wrecked and not even an illusion to comfort her.

Then there was Diamond Jim Brady, the master show-off of the past generation. He was happy when he could be seen by people in the most conspicuous way. And today loud and flashy clothing makes many people happy. Sudden wealth does not bring happiness to a steady job and an agreeable landlord.

What is one man's meat is another man's poison. The world has thousands of people who would be most uncomfortable if they were as conspicuous as Diamond Jim and had passers-by on the street turn and gaze at them. These are the modest, quiet people who prefer a back seat at a meeting, who are happy when not called on to speak.

It is in differences such as these that one's happiness is clearly delineated as a personal problem, for personal solution by adjusting one's ideas of what is desirable and what are unessential frills. Sudden wealth does not bring happiness to the lottery winners. It merely increases their troubles. With

Georgette Leblanc, Who Sought Happiness by Sacrificing Her Own Life to the Career of the Belgian Poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Thought She Had Found It Until He Cast Her Aside for a Young Wife.

a healthy inner mental adjustment, wealth or poor, happiness is more assured.

There is an interesting way in which some people seem to have achieved happiness, when they really are basically unhappy. Abraham Lincoln had a fund of humorous stories which made him the envy of many. Yet Dr. Pierce Clark has clearly pointed out that the Great Emancipator was fundamentally melancholy and unhappy.

He tried to be humorous in order to forget his deep melancholy. Like the boy who whistles when walking past the graveyard at night, Lincoln's humor was an effort to cover his life-long sorrow over the death first of his mother and later of his sweetheart, Ann Rutledge.

Very few later men have the perfect job, although the tramp who refuses to work may be one of the few who is perfectly happy in his vocation. One man had 123 different jobs in 12 years, trying to find the perfect job; the trouble, of course, was in the man,



"The Pursuit of Happiness," From the Painting by the Distinguished European Artist, Rudolf Henneberg.

writing what he had wished his boyhood had been like.

Such instances of pseudo-happiness—and they are legion—are psychologically similar to the form of mental disorder known as manic-depressive insanity. These patients are very sorrowful and depressed for a time, following which they are ravenously happy and exalted. A month, or six months, of melancholy will be followed by a period—perhaps longer or shorter—of extreme and excited happiness. It is believed that the exalted phase of their disorder is the same sort of compensation for an underlying sorrow similar to that of Abraham Lincoln and Mark Twain.

Women, especially, are inclined to develop this alternating psychosis. This fact contains the suggestion that possibly womankind, in general, experiences more underlying unhappiness in life.

Everyone has his ups and downs in happiness or moods from day to day, as Dr. Rex B. Hervey has found in his researches at the University of Pennsylvania. To a slight degree, in other words, everyone is manic-depressive, downcast periods normally alternating with happy periods in the average person's life.

These ups and downs recur at fairly definite times by the calendar. With some persons there is a complete change from top to bottom in moods every eight days, with others it may be as long as a three months' separation.

What causes this interesting human phenomenon is not definitely known, but it is thought to be based upon some rhythmic physiological change in the nervous system or some related glandular waxing and waning.

Knowing that everyone has these calendar-marked variations in the feeling of happiness, it is sometimes valuable to use this knowledge to anticipate a downcast period and take precautions against letting it get the best of one's work or friends.

This should also discussion us about expecting continued and sustained happiness. From day to day human happiness varies, not because our environment has changed, but because we ourselves change in some mysterious way.

But science understands that the real cause of happiness is not too much money, or the lack of enough of it to get the things one imagines he wants. Going to some faraway island leaving the petty jealousies of the bustling world is not the way for the average normal person to achieve happiness. It is not the surroundings in which we live, or the friends we do or do not have, which bring happiness.

Happiness is a mental state, an inner condition of balance. It depends most solely upon the individual's estimation of what he has, and what he wants, and what he or she would like. This is that the person's philosophy of life, rather than his friends or enemies, determines whether he is happy or not. Happiness must come from inside, it is not given us by our environment.

Is it any wonder that the world's unhappy people are usually the most dissatisfied? Unsatisfied with the possessions and influence they may have, they still want more and more, only to find after it is too late that happiness comes from inside their own heads, springs from their own enjoyments and pleasures. That is why successful people are often so unhappy under all the finery of success.

The really happy people are those who are reasonable enough not to expect too much of life and who think more about the few pleasures they may have had than their own enjoyments and pleasures, which may befall them next year.

It's Legal For Childs Nurse To Bite Its Curse

IF A CHILD bites its nurse that is one of the things to be expected, it is a hazard that goes with the job, so the Supreme Court of Louisiana has just decided, and the nurse cannot recover damages.

The insurance company list certain occupations as "hazardous," like handling dynamite, digging tunnels, tanning linen, but the occupation of child's nurse had never been included in the list. But now any woman who takes a job as nursing does so at her own risk, as Addie Johnson found out when she tried to recover damages from the parents of little Eve Camille Butterworth, who sank her teeth into her nurse's arm.

The bite that sent lawyers and judges digging all the way back to 1784 for precedents occurred four years ago on Christmas Eve. Little Miss Butterworth is seven now, and old enough to know better than nip a nurse—but at the time she was only three, and therefore in the eyes of the law, not morally, legally or financially responsible. In Louisiana, as in most States, the law assumes that children must be four before they know it is not nice to bite their nurses, or misbehave in any other way that might get their daddies mixed up in damage suits.

So it was a waste of time for Addie to sue little Eve. As for Addie's claim against Eve's papa, Bruce Butterworth, that called for considerably more cogitation. In fact, the litigation over Eve's Christmas Eve bite had been going on for almost four years, in one place and then another, when the Supreme Court finally decided that it was just too bad, but that if anybody was to blame it was Addie herself.

In her original complaint, Addie said Eve "displayed a vicious temper," and bit her on the arm so hard she incurred great physical suffering and lost 23 days from her employment while the wound healed. She said she believed that a child certainly ought to be as responsible as an animal, and cited instances where the owners of horses and hounds had been ordered to fork over damages to people who had been chewed on. The way Addie felt about it, the baby teeth of Eve had taken a big bite, that was worth every cent of \$1,000.

But the District Court, where the lawsuit was started, did not see how it could be as bad as all that, and dismissed the case on the grounds that there was no cause of action. No cause of action? The words themselves made Addie hopping mad, and she took an appeal.

The Court of Appeals, which is the highest court in Louisiana, and in awarding damages to Addie, said: "All small children are potential sources of danger or at least annoyances to others."

When Albertina first ran away from home, to search for excitement in London, she had no friends in the metropolis. She did not run away with one of the lively young men of County Kerry, for there was no one at home lively enough to suit her. The men at home were dull, and she had grown weary of them. So Albertina ran away alone, but a girl of such striking appearance has no trouble getting acquainted.

She began to frequent the places where night life was the gayest, and wherever she went she aroused interest and provoked comment. One night in a cabaret near Piccadilly Circus she met Rene Taggart, a young Corsican, who became the leader of a band of hooligans who had headquarters on the waterfront at Marseilles, and he was in London to see the sights. But no other sight he saw in the English capital filled him with such delight as the Irish girl with her Titian hair and her sea-green eyes. Rene was dark and lithe, and his every gesture made Albertina feel the thrill of romance.

"You are too lovely," he said, "to be alone in this city." So Albertina placed herself under his protection.

When she smiled at him, he said: "There is nothing I would not do for you." A few nights later, perhaps without meaning to, Albertina put him to the test. Or was it that her mother's curse was beginning to work? At any rate, Albertina smiled at a young Frenchman, from London, this young Frenchman was Albertina's lover, and she was the leader of another gang, and he also was on a pleasure trip in London, where he happened to run across Rene Taggart, who was in a cabaret, and Albertina was there for a dance, and during the dance she smiled at him in a manner that displeased the watchful Rene. But what displeased the Corsican more was the smile the Frenchman gave Albertina. Rene motioned to his bodyguard, and nodding toward Armand, he quivered the members of his cigarette band.

That was the signal—but when Albertina and Armand returned to Rene's table he invited the rival gangster to sit with them, and ordered champagne.

On Sunday morning not long ago the people of St. Narcisse, Quebec, were astonished when Germaine's grand came to church wearing trousers, coat and vest, and with her hair cut short. "Is this a joke?" someone asked, but Germaine shook her head, and flushing slightly from self-consciousness, replied:

"I want everyone to know that I am not a woman, but a man. My name is not to be Germaine any longer, but Germain. That is why I have come to church this morning dressed this way. I want everyone to know the truth about me, and get accustomed to the fact that I am a man, so there will be no misunderstanding about me in the future. I have never been a woman, but I did not know this myself until recently."

The people of St. Narcisse were impressed by this frankness and accepted the transformation without questioning Germaine further. Later, they learned from authorities that Germain had spoken the truth, and that the Judge of the Superior Court would be permitted to have the records changed, so that Germain could marry a young woman of the parish.

Germaine was born and raised on a farm not far from St. Narcisse. His mother, who died when he was a small child, and everyone else in the household thought that he was a girl. He was brought up as a girl, and sent with his sisters to a nearby convent school for girls.

44 Men Dead In Rivalry for Beauty Under Mothers Curse

THE people in a village in Kerry, Ireland, heard the other day that another one of Albertina Roche's lovers had been slain in the south of France—bringing the total to 44—and they shook their heads and murmured: "It's the curse her dying mother put on them." Murder is common among the underworld characters who have been Albertina's companions since she ran away from home ten years ago. No curse is needed to make them slay one another, and yet it is peculiar that each of her 44 lovers has been killed, and nothing on earth could convince the Irish villagers who know her that this might be a natural consequence of the jealousies and vanities of men who live and die by violence. The villagers believe in curses, and they have not forgotten the one that was pronounced by Albertina's mother.

As a girl in Kerry, Albertina was known as a "wild one." When she began chasing around with all the good-for-nothings in the county, people predicted she would come to a bad end. But in those days, no one suspected that Albertina's beauty—the fascination of her flaming hair and her strange green eyes—would leave in her wake a record that has seldom, if ever, been equalled.

The mother did all that she could to make the willful daughter mend her ways. But Albertina had a thirst for gaiety and when the attempts to discipline her at home became irksome, she ran away to London.

One night in a cabaret near Piccadilly Circus she met Rene Taggart, a young Corsican, who became the leader of a band of hooligans who had headquarters on the waterfront at Marseilles, and he was in London to see the sights. But no other sight he saw in the English capital filled him with such delight as the Irish girl with her Titian hair and her sea-green eyes. Rene was dark and lithe, and his every gesture made Albertina feel the thrill of romance.

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Girls' Convent Student Didn't Know She Was a Man

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Armand proposed a toast. He said that Albertina was fairer than all of the sirens of antiquity, more beautiful than Helen of Troy, whose face had launched a thousand ships and caused the world to be torn with warfare.

"You are right," he said. "She is so lovely that a man might feel well repaid if he died for one of her smiles. It is not so, my friend?"

Armand's hand began to tremble. None of his hand was with him, and it was out of the question for him to turn to the police. The police would be curious as to why he was in London. They would find, perhaps, that he had been mixing business with pleasure. His only hope was to throw Rene's men off his track, and get to sea. But he was not clever enough to do that. Or else the old Irish mother's curse was too strong for him to overcome it.

His body was found about dawn lying in Regent Street, with a bullet wound in his chest. When the police searched for Rene and Albertina, they could not be found. They had already fled to Marseilles.

Before all of this happened, Rene's hand had had occasional clashes with the Toulon gang. The territory they "owned" overlapped, and every so often somebody got killed. But those little disagreements were over "professional" or "commercial" matters.

The rivalry over Albertina, however, introduced a new element into the game—the element of personal honor.

The Toulon gang was aggressive, and the members felt that their leader had been killed without cause. But the death of Albertina would not be enough to wipe out the stain.

When the new leader was chosen, he vowed revenge. He would lead his gang to Marseilles, and there he would kill Rene, but to possess Albertina.

From neutral parties, he had learned of what had taken place in the cabaret, and he reasoned that in smiling at his chief, as she did, she had shown her willingness to give herself to him. Therefore, the new leader of the Toulon gang felt that he had inherited the right to Albertina's favor, as well as the leadership of the band.

So one night on the quay of the Old Port at Marseilles, he shot Rene and abducted Albertina. He and his men bundled the Irish girl into an automobile and carried her off to Toulon. At first she was angry, but when she learned of the situation had been explained to her, and when her abductor said now that he had inherited the right to Albertina's favor, as well as the leadership of the band.

She began to frequent the places where night life was the gayest, and wherever she went she aroused interest and provoked comment. One night in a cabaret near Piccadilly Circus she met Rene Taggart, a young Corsican, who became the leader of a band of hooligans who had headquarters on the waterfront at Marseilles, and he was in London to see the sights. But no other sight he saw in the English capital filled him with such delight as the Irish girl with her Titian hair and her sea-green eyes. Rene was dark and lithe, and his every gesture made Albertina feel the thrill of romance.

"You are too lovely," he said, "to be alone in this city." So Albertina placed herself under his protection.

When she smiled at him, he said: "There is nothing I would not do for you." A few nights later, perhaps without meaning to, Albertina put him to the test. Or was it that her mother's curse was beginning to work? At any rate, Albertina smiled at a young Frenchman, from London, this young Frenchman was Albertina's lover, and she was the leader of another gang, and he also was on a pleasure trip in London, where he happened to run across Rene Taggart, who was in a cabaret, and Albertina was there for a dance, and during the dance she smiled at him in a manner that displeased the watchful Rene. But what displeased the Corsican more was the smile the Frenchman gave Albertina. Rene motioned to his bodyguard, and nodding toward Armand, he quivered the members of his cigarette band.

That was the signal—but when Albertina and Armand returned to Rene's table he invited the rival gangster to sit with them, and ordered champagne.

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One day a child's playmate, and often said: "She is as strong as a man." "Yes," said Germaine to them that Germain was a boy, and he continued to attend the convent school until

he was sixteen. As he grew older, his hands became large and his shoulders broad, and his features began to have a masculine appearance. His voice developed a gruff quality, and a blond mustache appeared.

When he finished school, he told his father that he wanted to work in the fields, instead of doing a woman's job in the house. But this was not surprising, since sturdy girls in the fields, and young men often do heavy work in the fields, along with the men.

After working several years on the father's farm, Germaine bought an automobile, and when he went to the tax collector at Three Rivers, where he was not long, and asked for a license, his masculine appearance aroused suspicion. The tax collector thought he was a criminal disguised as a woman, and was about to detain him for questioning until he could be taken to the city.

"If you think I am a man," Germain said, "telephone the parish priest in St. Narcisse, and he will put you right."

The collector did this, and was convinced that Germain was a woman.

But after several similar incidents had occurred, Germain became uneasy. Then he found himself attracted to a young woman on a neighboring farm. So he went away, to seek medical advice, and when he returned he was wearing a man's clothing. Surgical treatment had developed the fact that he really was of the male sex, not the female.

When he made his first appearance in St. Narcisse as a man, those who were most astonished—naturally—the young women who had been his schoolmates at the convent.

Giant Turtle Towed Moorboat 8 Miles To Shore

CAPTAIN PHIL BOUTHLETTE, a Casco Bay, Maine, fisherman has just had an adventure that in all probability has never been duplicated. He was hauling his lobster pots about two miles offshore from Eagle Island, the Summer home of the family of the late Lieutenant Commander Robert E. Peary. He was working near the spindle that marks Drunker's Ledge, when he saw a great dark shape bulking near the surface just ahead of his motor boat.

He soon identified it as one of the largest leatherneck sea turtles he had ever seen or heard of in northern waters. Slowly the monster came to the surface where it remained motionless. There was a long look at the creature and he realized that to attempt to dispatch the turtle with the without first having it fast alongside would be futile. The hard shell was like iron and it would instantly withdraw its head, the only vulnerable part for an attack.

Rightly conjecturing that the creature was sleeping, Captain Bouthlette picked up the end of a coil of line, threaded lobster war, made a slip noose in it and gently pulled its small 20-foot craft alongside. Holding the noose on the end of the boathook, he dropped it over a flapper and hauled it tight. Then the fireworks began. Nobody would have suspected that the turtle had so much latent energy in its giant carcass. First it went down, until it had taken most of the coil of rope with it.

Captain Bouthlette thought he was going to have to let it go, when all at once the rope stopped running and the side of the boat, and slackened. The captain was drawing in slack as fast as he could, when he saw the turtle bob up on the surface. He just had time to make the line fast before the turtle started swimming toward Europe, dragging the boat after it. The skippers cranked his engine, and tried to bring his boat around, in the hope he would be able to steer for land. But the turtle had more power than the captain's small, single-cylinder engine. So the fisherman had to resort to other tactics.

He threw his engine into reverse, which increased the load on the turtle and slowed it down. Even so, the turtle continued to swim straight on out away from land, and Bouthlette did not relish the idea of being towed far out to sea in a small boat, and he did not want to risk his prize. If there was just some way he could get the turtle headed round in the right direction, everything would work out the way the captain wanted it.

Then the skipper had an idea. If he could not tow the turtle, perhaps he could drive it. But to do that he would have to get a rope on the other flapper, and that was a difficult task to accomplish. Gradually Bouthlette drew in the slack until the tired turtle was close by. Then he cut down his engine, and glad for a chance to rest, the turtle lay still in the water. After considerable maneuvering the captain managed to slip another lobster warp over the other fin, and then he had a pair of rope reins.

But would they work? He drew the second line tight and made both reins fast in the bow with about 50 feet between him and his turtle towboat. Rested now the creature began to swim again. Pulling up gently on the rope reins Bouthlette found that he could sever the course to the left, then if necessary a pull on the starboard rein turned the course to the right.

By skillful maneuvering Bouthlette actually drove his prize back eight miles to Bailey Island and up far enough on the beach for him to seize the reins in his hands, jump overboard and swim to the shore. His cries soon brought help and the turtle was dragged out and tied to an anchor in a mooring. A monster indeed, it weighed an estimated weight being close to 1,000 pounds. On its back were carved seven figures that were made out to be "1825."

Hearing this Captain Auld, an aged master of Small Point, came over and identified the turtle as one he had brought from the waters of Casco Bay. The turtle was large, then, probably weighing 350 pounds. Everybody took it for granted that somebody had carved 1825 back in that year. That would make the turtle close to 116 years old today.

Captain Peys said that when he hauled the turtle back 70 or more miles to his dock and near to sea him. One night he broke loose and said good by to Phippsburg. From time to time fishermen sighted him around Casco Bay. He would crawl out on beaches around Small Point in the night but always was away at dawn and nobody could seem to surprise him and get near enough for another capture. For more than 50 years nobody has reported him and it was supposed he had long since gone to turtle heaven.

After the turtle had been landed by Captain Bouthlette, a lobster snapper took it to deck and carried it to Portland where it was bought by M. J. Flaherty, the Portland pier fish dealer. He proposed to exhibit it alive and after it died have it stuffed and give it to the Portland Natural History Society. But one day the shed door next the deck was left open. The turtle slipped down the stairs, crawled to the edge and a splash that rocked the small boats brought folks running. Too late! Quickly recovering its strength the old salt water creature dove down to the bottom of the harbor, stuck out its great head just once as it looked back at Portland Pier, then laid a course straight for the open sea. It may not stop this time until it reaches the waters of its birth—the Bay of Bengal.

The Bite That Brought the Case Into Court Occurred Four Years Ago on Christmas Eve—And This Childish Attack by Little Miss Butterworth Sent Lawyers Digging Into the Laws Way Back in 1784.

ers and therefore parents who desire the blessings of the pastor of little feet must be responsible for the damage done by little hands, or in the case here, of little teeth. Already disgusted with Addie for saying that Eve displayed a vicious temper, the decision made Papa Butterworth hot under the collar. So he took an appeal—this time to the Louisiana Supreme Court, which was as far as the litigation could go, since Eve's bite did not violate any of the laws governing interstate commerce, or any other law by which people get themselves before the United States Supreme Court.

Louisiana law is based on French law, so lawyers on both sides dragged out the Code Napoleon—then they went further back than that, and got themselves involved in discussions of French grammar and the precise translation of French words into English.

After considering all that they heard and read on the subject, the justices of the Supreme Court delivered the opinion that "if the parents of a child of tender years must anticipate and guard against the child biting someone, so should the nurse, by accepting the employment, assume the risk." The court then failed to show that the child's not responsible unless some negligence or imprudence on their part caused the child to commit the injury. But as for the nurse, watching the child and preventing its harming itself or others is part of her job. It is one of the duties she is paid for, and she is certainly not to be carrying out her duties, that is a chance she takes when she enters upon a career of child nursing.

The whole thing hinged upon whether the parents could have prevented what the child did, or whether they contributed by any negligence to the child's deed. The court pointed out that the child failed to show that the child's father knew it had any nurse-biting tendency.

Besides, the justices inquired, how did the child happen to bite the nurse? Was the bite provoked by the nurse herself? The nurse neglected to prove that she had not deceived the child, and that she had not been required to testify in her own behalf or in justification of the act, the justices felt that they at least had to consider the possibility that the nurse might have nagged the child into attacking her with its teeth.

A precedent was cited in which the son of a gunsmith found a loaded pistol in his father's room and while at play shot the daughter of a tailor. This happened in Paris in 1784, and the French Parliament awarded the father of the girl the equivalent of \$120 in damages.

But the Louisiana Supreme Court pointed out that the gunsmith had no business being in a room where a young child could find it. Papa Butterworth had been guilty of no such negligence, since the only weapons his child used were her teeth—and certainly no gun—not be expected to deprive her of her teeth.

As for animals, if a man lets a bad-tempered bear go roaming around and bites somebody, he is responsible for it. If he uses up a nice gentle hound to a hitching post and somebody makes a horse bite him, that is his fault, but in the case of Addie—it is just too bad.



One Night on the Old Quay at Marseilles, the Young Leader Who Had Shot Rene, Abducted Albertina. He and His Men Banded the Girl Into an Automobile and Carried Her—And the Curse—Back to Toulon.



After Much Maneuvering, Captain Bouthlette Managed to Get the Monster to the Beach. Then, With This Improvised Pair of Reins, Drove the Turtle to Shore, Guiding the Creature as If It Were a Horse.



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The Newest in Nudist "Gardens of Eden"

A South Sea Island Colony Being Planned Where the Bottle, the Bible, the Cigarette and Clothes Are Taboo, But Everything Else Is Free, Including Love

Mr. Hyman Moskowitz, Who Plans the South Sea Colony.

STILL another expedition is planning to escape from clothes, cogs and all other restraints of civilization to one of those irresponsible South Sea "Gardens of Eden" where, with very little work, everyone hopes to spend most of the time singing, discussing poetry and dancing naked and unashamed, with everything free, including love.

This latest one is being organized by Mr. Hyman Moskowitz, who is a graduate of the College of the City of New York, graduate student of Cornell and Columbia, a Phi Beta Kappa man and for three years has taught school in a lonely rural district of Central New York State. Mr. Moskowitz, describing his plan says:

"The writer is taking along a group of college men and women to the Island of Tahiti, 18 degrees south latitude—South Seas. There, after reconnoitering and securing the necessary visas, they will sail to a remote islet of the Tuamotu Archipelago, settling there and initiating the great experiment. It is proposed to found a model community based on Plato's Republic.

"The group will then decide whether to marry with the natives. The author, for reasons, prefers to remain unmarried in this matter. At any rate, in addition to the children born, native infants will also be adopted, a possibility which the author has personally ascertained by a recent visit.

"These children are to receive an upbringing such as no infants in the world's history have enjoyed. Their diets are to be carefully supervised and the best methods ascertained with due caution, after long periods of time. Exercise, sunlight, play, all the requirements of modern science will be met. In addition, the sexes will go nude till the age of twelve. No effort will be made to arouse feelings of shame and propriety. There will be free association and wholehearted comradeship. After that age, or perhaps a little before, a minimum of clothing will be put on should the need warrant it. If not, clothing will be dispensed with except as becomes necessary for sanitation or protection against insects and the weather."

True to the spirit of the jazz age, this young leader strives to turn upside down all the conventions, not only of today but of the bygone hermits who ran away from the idea of having children. Those old-timers scorned any consideration of the future, and must be as coarse and unappetizing as possible, so these up-to-date ones will go in for diet. Medieval runaways shunned play and dancing, so naturally these plan to do the reverse.

One of the conventional requirements of the old solitaries was that the sexes must be eternally segregated. Carefully inverting this idea, like the others, the sexes will be thrown together and, as a crowning achievement from the ancient point of view, they are to be nudists.

However, there is a healthy sign of realism in that mention of insects and clothing. Those who have lived in countries hot enough to make clothes unnecessary for warmth, have suspected that the wisest creature which induced Adam and Eve to put on wringing apparel, was not the serpent but one of the numberless biting flies, gnats and mosquitoes. In the tropics, either the white man goes clothed or soon he won't be in his right mind from slapping and scratching.

The children, Mr. Moskowitz says, are not to hear a word of profanity, which will require restraint around evening when the mosquitoes are so

Idyllic Bathing Scene in Tahiti Which Mr. Moskowitz Displays as an Exhibit to Attract Colonists.

Another Photographic Exhibit of the Colonist Illustrates the Charm and Unclad Ease He Hopes to Instill and Even Improve Upon.

unfair to nudist martyrs. Nor will they know of crime and vice except through the avenues of selected literature. This might be very nice except that it reveals a glimpse, in this paradise of freedom, of the old censorship tyrant. Also in a place where it is understood there are to be no locks and keys, how are the little darlings to be kept from secretly perusing the books of their sophisticated elders, unless these, too, are buried from the island?

"As for drinking or smoking, none of the group is addicted to such habits, and the young, not having any examples, will not contract the undesirable practices," the leader writes. No doubt, but would even Ella Bogle and Dr. Pease approve of getting rid of these, in exchange for introducing nudism and free love? Mr. Moskowitz explains further:

"Jewelry, which is inseparable from the human impulse for ornamentation, shall be limited to beads and sea shells. Cosmetics, however, will not be discouraged, since anything which reasonably stimulates romantic stirrings is desirable. An effort will be made to manufacture these latter from local raw materials so as not to be too dependent on the outside world."

That rule may be all right with the Adams in the crowd, but probably won't help sell the idea to the Evens.

The next statement seems almost too delightful to be true until, on second thought, one sees the iron hand of a dictatorship. Woman's inalienable right to go in is to be suppressed. Mr. Moskowitz states:

"Since material needs will be well taken care of by the luxuriance of the tropical island paradise, enough energy will be left for doing many elevating things. All day long the conversation will be of high matters, philosophy, art, music, poetry; while to speak of petty things will be a misdemeanor, proportionate to the degree of pettiness."

A woman-protector, on hearing of this law, remarked that if it were enforced, there would not be much free love, because all the ladies would be in the paradise, "housewife" sort of the time and the singing would be mostly bass and tenor. Also she wanted to know who would do all the cooking, unless the colony is to consist of raw food faddists. That question is answered by another paragraph which relates:

"The girls will be taught and required to do men's work and vice-versa. Every female, unless barred by physical disability, must be able to handle a small outboard canoe and spear fish. Every man must know the

art of cooking and shall have to serve an apprenticeship in dipping untidy babies in salt water—since diapers will be barred by principle (nudism)."

The organizer deems that this is one of his reasons for desiring to remain unmarried.

The colonists are all to be young which is fortunate for the nudist plan, because from a person's twenties on, he or she becomes increasingly less attractive, unloathed. One of the things these young men and women are fleeing from is elderly people with their old-fashioned ideas full wrong. They realize, however, that the same fate will befall them. Dead people, representing old age and the past in general, are not to be buried and remain as deterring memories to interfere with the bright thoughts of youth. Mr. Moskowitz says:

"When people die, there will be no conventional funeral together with graveyards taking up valuable space—especially on a small island. They shall be placed in a small boat with the wind blowing seaward; while in that vessel a small fire burns consuming all when will out at sea among the mighty solitudes. It is thus that the dignity of life will be solemnized by so respecting its passing."

Miss Helen Lilard, Who Does Not Subscribe to All of Colonist Moskowitz's Ideas, but Expects to Accompany Him Chiefly for the Purpose of Teaching the Natives.

Colonist Moskowitz's Photo of a South Sea Beauty in the Vicinity of His Colony. The Question of Intermarriage With Natives Is Still to Be Settled.

the leader says. "The young people can have as much as they please, this instruction having been given in matters of sex and birth control. But when it comes to children, the community is gravely concerned. The people will learn to worship the life of the major subjects of the curriculum as it is one of the major pursuits of life. In conjunction with this program, dancing, dramatics, poetry and art will be cultivated, among all."

"Meat will not be eaten for humanitarian and practical reasons. Besides, it is too much work to raise beef when fish are so bountiful.

"There will be no religion in the conventional sense of the term. The people will learn to worship the life spirit within them and Nature. Love, benevolence, and peace will be planted in the hope that there shall be reaped a golden harvest."

History indicates that the present outbreak of these "back-to-Nature" colonies is only the old habit of trying to flee from reality, reasserting itself in a new disguise. Once Europe suffered a depression that lasted nearly six centuries and is called "The Dark Ages." During that period thousands of men abandoned such comforts, cleanliness and luxuries as the age afforded, and lived in solitary hermits, in cold, unsanitary caves, such as their stone-age ancestors had been thankful to abandon some 50,000 years before.

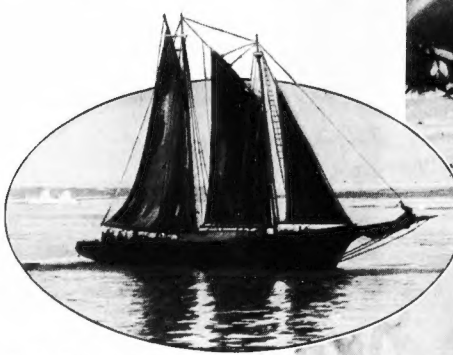
They wore hair shirts, never washed, slept on the hard earth, ate the coarsest and poorest sort of food and at times were not enough whipped and tortured themselves whenever they found themselves feeling too comfortable. Some were immured their lives in cells. The plan invented by the mind of man seems to have been sufficiently dirty, dull and unattractive to prevent women from sharing it, if permitted. In this particular misery, they were ruled out, however, as the best they could do was to become lady hermits.

Modern psychologists regard that weird behavior as a manifestation of an instinct which grips the human mind at intervals, especially during hard times, to run away from everything and hide. The various "back-to-Nature" are looked upon as the same old tendency, altered to harmonize with popular notions of the moment and modern children are never new at that. Economically these deserters from the army of civilization have tumbled down the ladder of progress about 50,000 years.

"Marriages are to be controlled,"

12 Hermits of the Frozen Arctic

Men Who Sentence Themselves to Live Alone Through the Long, Dark Winter, Facing Death Daily in the Snow-Bound Wastes---For \$1,000



The Fort Severn, Which Drops the Hermits at Their Posts Each Year, and Picks Them Up in June—If They Are Still Alive.

CHURCHILL, Manitoba,

TWELVE hardy men have deliberately let themselves be frozen into the Arctic solitudes of the Far North, where they will be beyond human aid until next June.

If any of them gets a toothache, he will take a pair of pliers and pull his own tooth.

If he gets appendicitis, he will put snow on the right side of his abdomen and either drive the attack away or die. If he breaks a leg he will try to set his own bones and if this does not work, he will shoot himself.

These are some of the problems facing the dozen very rugged individuals whom the Hudson Bay Co.'s schooner, Fort Severn, recently dropped each in one of twelve spots in the dreary wastes to the North of Hudson Bay.

Each one of these men must shift for himself, solving all problems unaided until late next Spring when the little schooner with its rusty-looking sails will go back and get him, if he is there. If not, they will go to the spot where he said he was going to build his cabin and there they will retrieve his effects and also his body provided he happened to die where his bones can be found.

Everything in the lives of these self-reliant men depends on a series of ifs. One of the most important is that the Fort Severn will call for them the next year if the weather permits, which is no small hazard. For instance, every Summer for the last four years they have tried to rescue Father Vachon, a Quebec-born missionary to the Eskimos who meant to spend only one Winter on an Arctic island. Each Summer the radio station at Churchill sends out the cheerful news that the ship is on its way to get him and later it has to break the news that ice and Arctic gales made the feat impossible, so he will have to make himself as comfortable as possible for another Winter. They know that the aging priest had a radio set, but whether it is still working after all this time and if the missionary is still alive, will not be found out until some day when the boat gets through.

If one of the twelve is lying helpless from sickness or injury at this moment, an airplane might save him but it will not save him because civilization cannot know of his need until next Spring when the Fort Severn arrives.

This determined dozen, temporarily as isolated as if they were on the frozen surface of the moon, are all trappers. Through the long, dark Winter between blizzards and gales that come roaring down from the pole itself, they will put on their snowshoes and "smush" out along their trap lines, carrying out new bait for the traps and, if lucky, staggering back under the weight of fur-bearing animals whose bodies also furnish food for man and dog.

It is as lonesome and probably as hard and dangerous a life as any white man lives today. And what will be the reward for sentencing themselves to such hard labor that in comparison the worst prison is a cozy, lazy paradise? With average luck these men will bring back to Churchill enough furs to make them a profit of about \$1,000. There is also a gamble of doing better. If by great good luck, a few white fox, rare



A Last Outpost of Civilization in the Sub-Arctic, a "Village" Clustered Around a Trading-Post.

and precious, come his way, a man may make as much as \$2,000.

Nevertheless all he can count on is that \$1,000 and during the short Summer when he rests, recuperates and loves, that is used up, all but just enough to stake himself for another Winter's supplies. Spread over the year the pay for that life which few have the character and physique to endure, amounts to less than \$20 a week.

Money, however, is not the chief reward. These hard-muscled, hard-headed men could earn at least that much in warmth and comfort on an easy job, with dentist, doctor, hospital, druggist and every other sort, available, and mostly free, if they are poor. Men have faced such rigors and perils for patriotism or glory but neither of those motives are here.

These hermits of the North choose that life because they like it. Some, usually the married ones, take a little radio receiving set with them and when the blizzard has shut them inside their little huts and they grow tired of listening, they tune in on the joyous and sorrowful of a dream-world far to the South. One would expect such last souls to value a radio higher than does anyone else, but some won't have one for a gift.

"It would spoil everything," one of these men explained, as he was thoughtfully sorting his stuff just before the Fort Severn started, "almost as bad as a telephone."

"Why?" the interviewer wanted to know.

Instead of answering he asked anxiously:

"Where is my other bottle of cough medicine?"

"Only two small bottles for nine long months--will that be enough?" the interviewer suggested.

"Plenty," the hermit assured him. "I may catch a cold on the way up and I am sure to catch one on the way home or just inside. The rest of the Winter, alone in the snow, there is no more chance of catching cold than of getting poison. I may freeze to death but no colds. Those are things you have to catch from another person."

The reporter edged him back to that radio matter, asking:

"Don't you like music?"

"I am tired of it and most of it is rotten."

"Don't you want to hear what people are doing and thinking?"

"Not if I can help it. Most people can't think and what they do is stupid." "You don't talk as if you loved your brother man?"

"Righto!" said the hermit and to prove that it included the interviewer, he closed his radio door.

These self-exiled men may not love their brother men but they still have some feeling for their sister women. That is the thing that brings them back. The married men among the hermits are generally the most eager to get away in the Fall, but they are also the keenest to get back to domestic life in the Spring. Since the hermit benedictines are the ones with radio sets, the Churchill broadcasting station frequently lets the deserted wives come to the microphone. If the husbands are still alive and if they are listening, they hear words of love, consolation, advice and family news.

As soon as the hermit and his outfit are landed he sets to work furiously. First he must select his cabin site which has probably already been done if he knows the ground. This must be sheltered from the worst winds, close to an abundant supply of timber and firewood and about in the middle of his proposed line of traps. He should be somewhere near a fresh water supply for his cooking and heating. Usually that stove is placed as near as possible to the center of the cabin's single room.

Walls, roof and floor must be draft-proof. The logs are chinked with clay or put mud. He can insulate himself against the cold and save much fuel by sheathing the inside with rough-hewn boards and stuffing the space between with grass or moss but that is a fire hazard.

The stovepipe goes out through the roof is a matter of expert judgment. The stove must draw wind in any wind or no wind. If much of the metal is exposed to the icy blasts, the

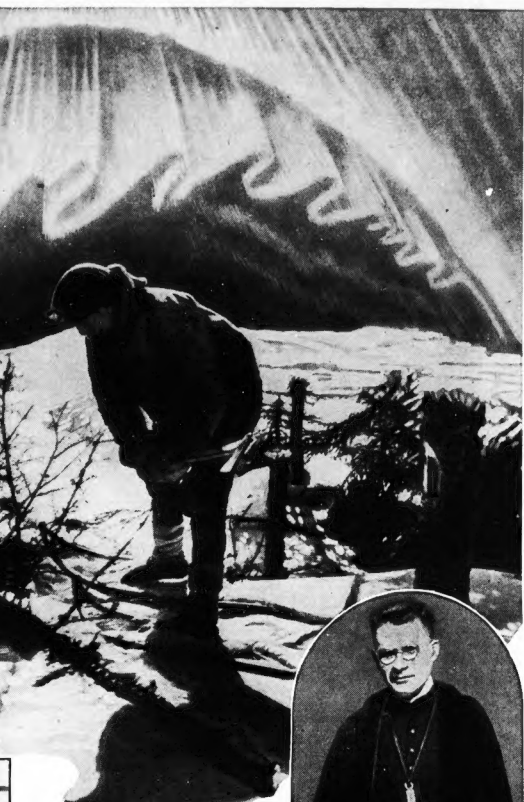
smoke will condense into creosote, vegetable tars and other unpleasant and poisonous substances which will drip back into the cabin. Yet, if the pipe is too close to the roof, there is another fire hazard.

Fire is something the hermit must not have. It would not be pleasant to rebuild in the eve of blizzard sub-zero gales and snow six feet deep. Worse than that is destruction of his supplies. Some of these precious things, he keeps in a separate little shack at a safe distance.

Along with most of his firewood, but anything that will be injured by freezing must take its chance in the cabin. The housewife or rather the "fatwife" close to the roof, there is another fire hazard. The one thing that will wreck a hermit's morale is to run out of tobacco. Some few do not touch alcohol and there are those who do not care for tea or coffee, making themselves cocoa with condensed milk, but a hermit who neither smokes nor chews tobacco could be a curiosity in the North.

Probably no man ever forgot to buy tobacco, which heads his list, and if he has not bought enough, he can ration himself. Only an accident like a fire would leave him without any at all. No fish, bird or beast carries it, nor is there any on the surface of the frozen ground under the snow and all his ingenuity cannot make a substitute from any materials he has. Saltitude seems to be almost unbearable without the weed. In this dire emergency he may risk his life on a long trek to the nearest Eskimo settlement and bribe one of the copper-colored natives to

Under the spur of necessity, the re-



A Temporary Camp Under the Aurora With the Hermit's Dog, His Only Companion, Watching Him From the Snow "Hut" Into Which He Can Himself Retreat for Shelter.



One of the Hermits Preparing a Trap for Some Furry Animal.

clashes have constructed entire lamps and lanterns from tin cans. They can exist after all their supplies of salt, flour and lined foods are gone, living entirely on the meat of animals they trap. When these fall they fish through the ice of the nearest stream. They may even be cheerful after their precious supply of whisky is gone. The one thing that will wreck a hermit's morale is to run out of tobacco. Some few do not touch alcohol and there are those who do not care for tea or coffee, making themselves cocoa with condensed milk, but a hermit who neither smokes nor chews tobacco could be a curiosity in the North. Probably no man ever forgot to buy tobacco, which heads his list, and if he has not bought enough, he can ration himself. Only an accident like a fire would leave him without any at all. No fish, bird or beast carries it, nor is there any on the surface of the frozen ground under the snow and all his ingenuity cannot make a substitute from any materials he has. Saltitude seems to be almost unbearable without the weed. In this dire emergency he may risk his life on a long trek to the nearest Eskimo settlement and bribe one of the copper-colored natives to



Father Vachon, the Heroic Missionary, Who Has Been Marooned for Four Years on One of the Arctic Islands.

move his bow legs in the direction of the nearest white trapper, with a note, relating his heart-rending plight.

"Woman-hunger" is another matter. Traders have irregular unions with Eskimo bachelors but the trader is always in the midst of an Eskimo community while the trapper may not see one in a whole Winter. In the past the white woman has always been willing to share danger and hardship with the male of her species, no matter where he might go. For many decades the human race has enjoyed a general prosperity it has never known before, making pickings too easy to tempt women further into the wilds than the mining camps.

Unless boom times return all this may soon be changed and already it is beginning. This Fall several of the bachelor hermits as they were preparing to sail, received propositions from ladies willing to brighten their solitude. The hermits said that it was impossible but this Winter they will think it over, figure how much more supplies it would take and weigh that against the extra number of traps they could run, if someone attended to the cooking and other chores in the cabin. Next year there may be soprano voices on the old Fort Severn.

From Montana a 19-year-old girl, Miss Georgie Frost, came to Canada to follow the streams and trails of the Mackenzie district in the Northwest Territories to hunt for furs. And a log cabin and snowshoes in the North, she discovered, far surpasses milk stockings and comfortable evenings in Montana.

Her story, told to the Hudson Bay Company on her return, minimizes the dangers and hardships of the North, but between the lines one may read of the bravery of the young American girl who took to the Northern trails to live.

Tied to Stakes and Whipped to Death



Lashed to Stakes, the Unfortunates Were Whipped and One of Them Died From the Punishment.

But When the Brutal African Chief Ordered the Flogging of a White Man Who Had Disobeyed the Laws of the Jungle, the British Authorities Marched Into the Wilderness and Exiled His Majesty

NAIROBI, Africa, Jan. 15.

CHIEF TSHKEDI, of the British Protectorate of Bechuanaland, in Africa, made the mistake of sentencing a white man to be tied to a stake and whipped with a lash studded with nails.

For this atrocity, which shocked all England, he was deposed and banished. Tshkedi, however, is no wild African savage, but a learned young man not yet thirty, who on ceremonial occasions dresses in European clothes and looks more like a Harlem dandy than a chief of wild Africa. He has ingenious ideas about the law and pleaded such extenuating circumstances that public opinion swung in his favor. Finally his mother, the Dowager Queen, Tsamane Tshkedi (widow of the famous King Khama), wrote a personal letter to King George of England, as one monarch to another, in which she said: "O King, release me the boy. I am undone and the tribe is undone. This is my weeping, my master. O let it be regarded!"

It was regarded. The royal black boy was reinstated with as much ceremony as he had been deposed from the rule of 35,000 subjects and 275,000 square miles of territory on his royal ward of honor not to flog any more white men. What helped him most was the discovery that Phineas Macintosh, the white man who had been flogged, was like some other modern "martyrs"—a bad lot who deserved what he got. The thing that took all Tshkedi's ingenuity to explain away was a previous and far more brutal lashing of three negroes, one of whom died from the effects.

Three years ago, when Tshkedi was appointed ruler of the Bamangwato, he was warned that unless he maintained order and made his subjects obey the white man's laws he would lose his job of regent, pending the time his five-year-old nephew, Serote, comes of age. It was not easy.

Bechuanaland has no money to spend on expensive prisons and Tshkedi's subjects haven't so much as a penny with which to pay fines. If he took away their cattle, the only wealth they have, the offenders would either starve or turn outlaw. There was really only one punishment—cheap and effective—he could give the culprit a beating and send them back home.

When his subjects disregarded the strange new laws, he tried them before courts over which either he or the head man of the local village presided, and if guilty they were flogged. This was satisfactory to the natives, who had always been disciplined that way. But the African negro is quite as much a stickler for custom and precedents as the white man. If they were to be whipped it must be done just so, the way their ancestors had been lashed for centuries. They must be tied to a stake and the whip had to be a long one of twisted rawhide with nails inserted in its end.

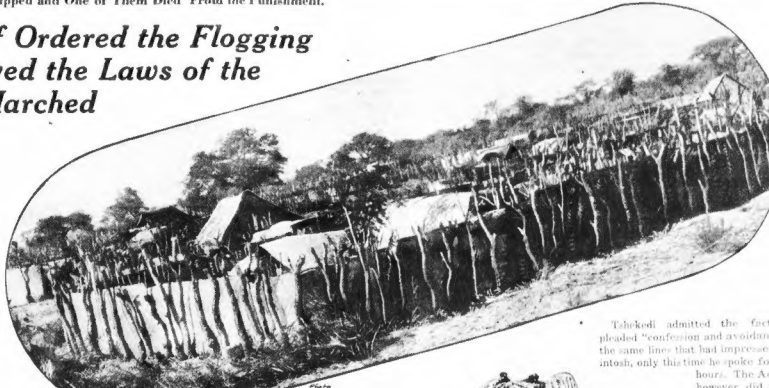
This dreadful instrument had to be that way because tradition had it that in the remote past supernatural visitors had introduced it. Who these ancestors were in one of his sentences or his actions of the dark continent. They may have been Carthaginians, Phoenicians or even explorers sent out by one of the Egyptian Pharaohs.

Anyway, Tshkedi says that it would have meant a revolution if he had left out so much as one nail. Since the people most concerned were satisfied with the way they were being beaten, no complaints reached the Colonial Office in faraway London. Tshkedi's "unfortunate" forefathers.

It seems that three negroes in a remote part of Tshkedi's realm had killed a man. According to tribal notions, they were justified and it was no murder. But the white man's law said they should have brought him before the head man of a larger village, a day's journey away. For not doing that, they themselves, and a jury of their peers. The three were convicted and sentenced to be whipped by certain men deputized for that task.

Now it seems to be true that Tshkedi presided at many of the floggings sitting on his throne with feathers in

On Right—A Native Village in King Tshkedi's Little Empire in the Jungle. Feared Are Set Up About the Hut as a Safeguard Against Wild Animals at Night.



His Majesty King Tshkedi in His Best Clothes and an Overseer in the Center of the Group, While Two of His Head Men Stand on Each Side of Him and British Soldiers Bring Up the Rear. His Majesty Is Listening to the Verdict by the British Official Who Is Ordering His Banishment.

Phineas Macintosh, the Englishman Who "Went Native" and Was Flogged by Order of King Tshkedi.

his English top hat or derby, his courtiers around him, while his subjects, clothed and unclothed, ringed the place of punishment and watched. The story that was brought to the authorities was that he had done the same thing in the case of the three. If so, it was callous brutality and wicked enjoyment of torment such as no chief ruling under the British flag should manifest. But Tshkedi denied that it was so and offered a picturesque and ingenious explanation.

He said that just as sentence was pronounced there came news that lions were raiding the village's cattle. This was really important and called for instant action. Judge, jury and all the rest of the village except the three prisoners and their deputies grabbed up arms and dashed off to the scene of action. As he ran, the judge shouted the last few words of his sentence over his shoulder. Either he forgot to say how many lashes the three were to get or in the general tumult, the deputies did not hear.

Annoyed at being left behind, the deputies marched the prisoners to the appointed spot, tied them to the stakes and then arose the question of how many strokes they ought to have. It might be anywhere from ten to three hundred. Less the judge might send them for laziness, they decided to give the culprits the limit. In their hurry to be active and get away to the hunt, they laid on fast and perhaps extra hard.

It was part of the ceremonial that after the flogging the victim must be

left tied to his stake till sundown, but always with a guard to protect him from the wild animals of the veldt. In this case the whippers all hurried away to join the hunt and in their "unfortunate forefathers" no guard was set.

Such was the excitement, that when the tribe returned to the village, the oversight was not noticed. The head man asked somebody to find out if the men had been whipped, and learning that they had, assumed that they were on their way home.

Meanwhile, out in the pitiless sun, tormented by insects and the fear of animals in whose teeth they were, the three struggled with the things that bound them to the stakes. One finally gnawed his hands free, untied his feet and released the others. Two were able to stagger off to their home village but the third, struggling lashed, collapsed. The beating had paralyzed his legs. For three days he lay helplessly keeping the carnivorous animals away by shouting, until finally he was found.

Had the head man dreamed that this would have been considered anything more than an accident, he would not have sent the man to a hospital, where he died. The white doctor at the hospital found that he had received some 300 lashes and that one third of his skin had been destroyed. He was so outraged at this atrocity that he reported the matter. The affair was investigated and a warning not to let it happen again was issued. It was the chief himself who brought on the trouble which made his royal mother write the King that Tshkedi had only a handful of whites to worry about, but two of them did

worry him. The worst of these was Phineas Macintosh, who not only disregarded the white man's laws but infuriated the natives by enticing their girls away and getting them into trouble. If a white man would not obey the white man's laws, why should the negro, they reasoned, and they became unruly.

Tshkedi knew very well that he was forbidden to place a white man on trial before a native court. The proper method was to complain to the resident white magistrate. He did. The magistrate sent for Macintosh, but had to let him go because the white man frightened the native witnesses into refusing to testify against him. In disgust Tshkedi studied the laws under which he ruled, and thought he found a loophole through which he could deal with the renegade.

Macintosh had not only played fast and loose with various and sundry village customs but had taken one of them as a more or less permanent wife. He had done several other things which in the eyes of both whites and blacks classed him as a man who had "gone native." Tshkedi held that "this placed him as a regular native, within the jurisdiction of the native courts, in spite of his white skin. Having handed down this opinion to himself, the chief arrested Macintosh.

The proceedings opened with a learned dissertation by Judge Tshkedi, explaining his interpretation of the law by which Macintosh had fallen within the jurisdiction of the native courts. The white man not only was convinced, but agreed that the chief was right and took no exception. He expected, however, that his punishment would be no worse than a fine.

But Tshkedi could not see that a

fine would mean anything. Since he had no prison, the white man would have to be released on his promise to pay. The only way to collect it would be to take it out of his hide, which he might as well do in the first place.

So it happened that when Macintosh was convicted, to his surprise and dismay he was tied to a stake, his back lashed and that fearful lash with its nails applied. There were only ten strokes but they were laid on with such enthusiasm that he will carry the marks the rest of his life. Macintosh made no complaint. He knew he was guilty and did not wish to advertise the fact that he had undergone that humiliation. But the word spread, reached the newspapers and all over Africa white people were horrified. Unless an example was made of this Tshkedi, every black chieftain would soon be ordering white people to the whipping post.

In England the British lion roared that British sovereignty had been challenged. The Dominions Secretary ordered action. Vice-Admiral Evans, Commander-in-Chief of the African Station, with an escort of 200 marines and three small howitzers, tried the chief on an open plain where thousands of his subjects could watch. But since every man is innocent until proved guilty, he gave the prisoner at the bar a taste of nineteen guns.

Tshkedi admitted the facts but pleaded "confession and avoidance" on the same line that had impressed Macintosh, only this time he spoke for three hours. The Admiral, however, did not notice it that way. He said: "Tshkedi Khama, your confessed action in flogging a European has aroused general indignation, notwithstanding the character of the flogged European. I am satisfied that this man is not a fit person to live in a native reserve, and I have given orders for this man and one other to be ordered out of the native reserve."

"But for your deliberate and flagrant violation of Protectorate law well-known to you I shall issue for the flogging of the character of the flogged European. I am satisfied that this man is not a fit person to live in a native reserve, and I have given orders for this man and one other to be ordered out of the native reserve."

Tshkedi bowed his head and obeyed. His former subjects shuffled a way, gloomy and silent. It was not a popular decision with the natives, but it was doing his best, according to his lights.

Organizations in England who usually devote themselves to publicly pitying the down-trodden, and the same firing of guns. All was the same, except that the crowd of natives was twice as big and everyone went home happy.

Now all is bright in darkest Africa, but Tshkedi had to agree that his interpretation of the law was an error and that if he ever has any more bright ideas, he will first consult the resident magistrate before trying them out. The real problem is how to get three nails out of the whip without a rebellion.

A Colored Belle of the Jungle Bedecked With Many Beads.



A Nice Man by Paul Jones



"Mr. Barry," Miss Green sobbed. "There's a Foreigner in My Compartment."

As open bus stood before the Hotel des Envois in Nice on a torrid afternoon in July. Its imitation leather seats held eighteen fidgety members of Tour Number 27—six weeks, seven countries, \$1998 net, hotels, right seeing, tips and transportation included. The chauffeur, who would presently drive the party over the Upper Corniche to Monte Carlo—at a hair-raising pace—lounge at the wheel, a cigarette drooping from his lips.

They had been waiting fifteen minutes for three members of the party, Caroline Lockhart, her aunt, Miss Bessie Lockhart, and Mr. Constantine, the chief courier.

Steve Barry, assistant courier, paced up and down the sidewalk in a fury of impatience. Just who, he asked himself, did Mr. Constantine think he was? Just who the hell did he think he was?

A voice from the bus interrupted his profane meditations. "Mr. Barry?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bunn?"

"Is there any reason why we should be kept waiting in this outrageous fashion?" Mrs. Bunn's eyes flashed, and her elbow nudged Mr. Bunn, sole masculine member of the tour, who had fallen asleep. "Say something, Edgar!"

"Something came up at the last moment, and Mr. Constantine is attending to it," Steve lied.

The tourists heard him sceptically. Mr. Bunn continued to sleep. Mrs. Bunn snorted. Her expression said: "If we were late, we would be left behind. It's a scandal, the way Mr. Constantine is carrying on with Miss Lockhart."

The woman in the panama hat summoned him. "Mr. Barry?"

"Yes?"

"Have you heard anything about my handbag?"

"The Paris office is trying to locate it for you, madame."

"Well, gracious!" she said querulously. "I've got to have it. They ought to be able to find it. I left it in a red tweed bag. The chauffeur had a mustache."

"I told them," she soothed her. "They'll find it for you, if it's humanly possible."

Out of the tail of his eye, he saw Mr. Constantine, Aunt Bessie and the chauffeur coming down the steps of the hotel, Caroline, young, slim, and beautiful in a white dress, Mr. Constantine being devoted to Aunt Bessie.

"And another thing," whispered the panama hat, "I won't roam another night with that Miss Green. She snores."

"I'll see that you're changed," Steve assured her, moving away. "I'll fix it up when we get back from Monte Carlo." Another problem. No one would room with Miss Green, who snored, and Miss Green would not room alone in a hotel full of foreigners.

Mr. Constantine was assisting Aunt Bessie into the bus. Steve held the door open for Caroline, and then Mr. Constantine followed his assistant to the front seat, where they took their places beside the chauffeur.

The bus left immediately. Mr. Constantine, a pink frown wrinkling in his button-hole, tilted his straw hat over his eyes, folded his hands over his round stomach, and composed himself to sleep. Steve looked at him disapprovingly. A professional should know better. Rule Number 1 for couriers said: "You will be careful to show equal attention to all members of your tour, as nothing will destroy the morale of a party more quickly than the suspicion of favoritism."

In the mirror over the driver's seat, Steve could see Caroline's face, half-shaded by her wide hat. He reflected with pride that he had given the tour no reason to suspect that he and Caroline were in love, were, in fact, as good as engaged. And he was not a professional. He was a college instructor, working for the Summer.

On the way to Monte Carlo he decided that something would have to be done about Aunt Bessie and Mr. Constantine. That, it seemed, was also Caroline's opinion. She and Steve met secretly in the gardens of the Countess where Mr. Constantine was conducting his class in elementary roulette.

"I tried my best to get them out to the bus," he told him, "but they were looking at some late the manager had for sale. You've got to do something about it."

They were screened by a palm tree.

"What about a kiss?" he suggested.

"Don't be silly. I mean about Aunt Bessie. She's in love with Mr. Constantine."

"Mr. Constantine! That's enough. Officially, I am his loyal assistant, but speaking off the record, I consider him a washout."

"What you think," she pointed out, "has nothing to do with it."

"Well, I don't see what you're worried about. Your Aunt Bessie has too much sense to fall for a wart like him."

"What has sense got to do with it?" she asked. "I'm talking about falling in love. Mr. Constantine is very presentable, and—"

"Presentable?" Steve growled.

"Of course he is. I can understand how Aunt Bessie might be swept off her feet. It's something for a woman her age to have a handsome devil like Mr. Constantine dancing attendance on her."

"Handsome?"

"Certainly."

"He looks like those couriers you read about in *Thackeray*. He puts perfume on his mustache."

"What if he does? The fact remains," said Caroline, "that Aunt Bessie is in love with him."

"Certainly not," Steve said, with the assurance of an expert. "He's only after her money."

Steve reflected, "I don't see what we can do about it. We can't go to the company and tell them your aunt's in love with the chief courier, and please transfer him, can we?"

"Can't you think of something else?"

"Not for the moment."

"Well, I can," she said coolly. "Instead of going to Italy tomorrow with the tour, I'll pretend to be sick, and Aunt Bessie will have to stay behind to nurse me."

"And what about the tour?"

"You go on with the tour, of course," Caroline explained with the air of adding two and two.

"What? And when do I see you again?"

"I dare say we'll run into each other somewhere," she said lightly.

Her callousness was appalling. "Listen, Caroline. It might be solemnly."

"I can't stop now. There's some one coming. It might be someone from the tour. You don't want to break Rule Number 1, do you?"

"Caroline!"

But she was gone. Steve turned and looked moodily

out over the sea. Almost immediately a solution occurred to him. He might lure Mr. Constantine to the sea wall and push him into the Mediterranean. But would it be fair to the fish?

Just then the chief courier came around a turn in the path. He was mopping his plump face with a silk handkerchief. "I was looking for you," he announced amiably. "Yeah?"

"Yes. I want you to collect the party and get them back into the bus."

"What for? It's only half-past three."

"My dear fellow," Mr. Constantine remarked, stuffing his handkerchief back into his pocket. "Who is chief courier here?"

"You are."

"Very well," said the chief, mollified. "Tell them that we are to see something very interesting."

"What is it?"

"Always questions!" Mr. Constantine exclaimed, lifting his hands to his ears and pressing them. "Never mind. You will see. Very, very interesting."

Inside the Casino, it was dim and cool. Mrs. Bunn was ready to leave, for Mr. Bunn had lost ten francs at the tables, but the others, save Aunt Bessie, grumbled at going out into the heat again.

A few minutes later, the bus was speeding along the Middle Corniche. "Where are we going?" Steve asked the chauffeur. "Caroline's face, in the little mirror, looked determined, for Mr. Constantine had taken his place next to Aunt Bessie."

The chauffeur, in reply, winked elaborately, but said nothing.

Half way to Nice, the bus coasted to a halt, on a shaded stretch of road, opposite a small cabaret, set in a dusty garden. A man, smiling and rubbing his hands, appeared in the doorway.

"What are we stopping here for?" Mrs. Bunn demanded. "Say something, Edgar!" Her husband merely stared in his sleep.

Mr. Constantine came forward to confer with the chauffeur and made an announcement. "Something is wrong with the bus. We must wait."

The driver descended and lifted the hood. Gazing earnestly at the engine, he shook his head, and addressed Mr. Constantine in rapid French.

"He says it will take fifteen minutes, maybe more," the chief courier reported. "Fortunately, we go into this charming place, and have some refreshments." Nobody

must be thirsty. Come, what will it be? Beer? Wine?" Sensing antagonism, Theodore gulped and made the supreme sacrifice. "Anything you want! Whisky?"

"I don't want anything."

"What is the harm?" Mr. Constantine asked, in a friendly tone. "They get out, they have some refreshments, perhaps they buy something? Well!"

He spread his arms wide in a gesture of benevolence. "Where is the harm?"

"And ten per cent for you and my cousin," Theodore explained. "Perhaps a hundred francs."

"Disgusting!" said Steve, indignantly. "They don't want to get out of the bus. They want to go home."

"After fifteen minutes in that sun," Mr. Constantine asserted, with entire confidence, "they will get out. I know they will get out. What else can they do?"

"Listen," said Steve coldly, "I'm going to tell you something. These people paid good money for this tour. They didn't pay it to hang around tenth rate places like this. Either we roll in five minutes, or I'll tell them what's going on."

Mr. Constantine looked thoughtful. His cousin wept, beating his forehead with the back of his clenched right hand. "But he's a child, Constantine! He doesn't understand! Explain to him that he will have ten per cent."

He ran to the counter and seized a wooden cigarette case. "Here, take this." Before Steve could stop him, he pushed the trinket into a side pocket of Steve's coat and patted the flap down. "Now we are friends, eh?"

He smiled a misty smile. "Everything is all right?"

"All right, hell!" said Steve. He extracted the case and hurled it at Theodore's head. "We're leaving."

As he told Caroline that evening, under cover of examining her passport in the hotel lounge, five minutes more would have enabled him to denounce Mr. Constantine. "But what could I do," he asked bitterly, "with you, and your



"Throw This Man Into the Guardhouse and Search Him!" Mr. Constantine, Kicking and Foaming at the Mouth, Was Dragged Away While the Chief Fascist Made a Severe Notation in a Little Book.

stirred. "If you like. Or you can wait here." He crossed the road and went into the house.

Steve saw Constantine restrain his aunt with a firm hand. "I don't want to see the woman," he announced. "Do we have to get out, Mr. Barry?"

"Not if you don't want to," said Steve between his teeth. The other tourists sat, patiently basking in the blazing sun. He got out of the bus, and went to see what the chauffeur was doing. The man was bent over, thoughtfully rubbing the fan belt with a piece of waste.

"What's wrong?" Steve asked, and received a long stare in answer.

"Don't you know? Aren't you in on it?"

"No."

"Are you, Constantine?"

He crossed the road, and found the chief courier inside the house in deep conversation with the proprietor of the establishment. "Ah," said Mr. Constantine, looking up.

Steve shook hands without enthusiasm. A counter ran along one side of the front room, and on it were displayed souvenirs in carved wood, articles in glass, bits of lace, luncheon sets, the usual cheap fakes for tourists.

"What's the idea of stopping here?" he demanded. "There's nothing wrong with the bus."

Mr. Constantine's cousin seized him affectionately by the shoulders. "Have something to drink!" he cried. "You

must be thirsty. Come, what will it be? Beer? Wine?"

Just then the chief courier came around a turn in the path. He was mopping his plump face with a silk handkerchief. "I was looking for you," he announced amiably. "Yeah?"

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"Mr. Barry," asked the panama hat, taking him aside. "Did you change my room?"

"Change your room?"

Her eyes reproached him. "I told you this afternoon," she moaned, "that I couldn't stand another night with Miss Green. She snores. I haven't had a good night's rest in a week."

"I'm taking care of that," he said briskly. "May I see your passport?"

He examined it briefly. So her name was Hawkins. "I see it's in order, Miss Hawkins." He returned it. "Now, don't worry. Everything will be all right."

On his way out, he stopped at the desk, arranged for the heavy baggage to be collected, and had Miss Hawkins transferred to a single room.

"Here," said the manager mysteriously, "I want to show you something." He took a little box from his desk, and opened it, to reveal a pair of cuff-links nesting in cotton wool.

Steve held up his hand. "I couldn't use them."

"Sell them to a member of your tour. We split everything over five hundred francs. How about it?"

"Try Mr. Constantine," said Steve, settling his hat on his head.

He went out and took a carriage to the station. It was half-past nine. By the time he had found a sous-chef de gare, and made sure of his reservations to Vinginville, it was past ten o'clock.

There was no sign of the chief courier at the Cafe de la Gare.

"Citron presse," Steve said to the elderly waiter, "and a newspaper."

"A glass of gin, perhaps, with the lemonade?"

"No gin."

The old man shuffled away on his broken feet, and returned with a lemon, a squeezer, sugar, and ice. In his pocket was a local newspaper. "Voilà, monsieur, le *Clairon* de Nice!"

The front page was entirely devoted to an attack on Mussolini, illustrated with an opprobrious cartoon. "They don't like the Duce here," Steve remarked.

"Many Italians in Nice," said the waiter, cutting the lemon and pressing out the juice. "You've been in Italy?"

"I'm going there tomorrow."

"Watch out, you don't have any copies of *Le Clairon* with you, or you'll be stopped at the frontier. He finished making the lemonade and presented it to Steve. "Voilà, monsieur! Although I believe you can get ten lire apiece for them in Naples."

Mr. Constantine's shadow fell on the table. "What's that," he asked genially. "Ten lire apiece for what?"

"For copies of *Le Clairon*," said Steve. He folded the newspaper and handed it back to the waiter. "What'll you have?"

"Coffee," the chief courier decided, sitting down. He was radiant.

"Now, then," Steve began, "we might as well get down to brass tacks."

"Brass tacks?"

"There's no use beating around the bush. You're talking about sending me back to Paris, and I don't like the way you're running the tour. We've got to settle this once and for all."

Mr. Constantine waved his hands. "My dear fellow, let's forget it."

"How can we forget it? You don't seem to understand my position. You may be chief courier, but when they get on the boat at Liverpool, you step right out of the picture. I teach in a university in the district where all these people live. It was my name that appeared in the advertising, and I'm the one that'll catch hell if anything goes wrong. What about that?"

"But what has gone wrong?"

"I don't like all this chattering for 10 cents. You've got to cut it out."

Mr. Constantine stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "But where is the harm?" he wondered. "It doesn't cost them any more. Do you think I don't earn my 10 per cent? Do you think I enjoy following them around from shop to shop? Look! Tonight I am late. Why? Because I helped Miss Bessie Lockhart to select a few gifts. True, I made three hundred francs, but—"

"And here he folds his arms and looked at Steve with an admirable imitation of frankness—"Do I enjoy going around with a woman old enough to be my mother? I do not. I assure you, my dear friend."

Steve gulped. This put an entirely different construction on the Affairs Constantine-Lockhart. Constantine's fears were groundless. "Well," he said, "I see your point of view. And I'll admit they all want to shop. And they need somebody to interpret for them."

Mr. Constantine was looking at him keenly. "Shall I tell you what I think? I think you believed I was in love with Miss Bessie Lockhart. Am I not right?"

"Well—"

"And you were afraid of a scandal? Bah! Why should I be in love with her?"

Steve felt embarrassed. After all, the whole thing existed probably in Caroline's imagination, and nowhere else. Mr. Constantine was a professional courier, with 10 per cent vision in both eyes, but what more could be expected of him?

Continued on Next Page.

New Secrets of the Sureté, The French D



The Body of Mademoiselle d'Arlys as Found by the Police Without a Mark of Any Kind to Suggest How the Woman Had Been Killed.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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BERTILLOU was in an evil mood as he paced his office with short, nervous strides; ever and again halting and frowning at some sudden new thought. At last, however, he dropped into his chair with a weary sigh and, turning to me, said:

"I am tired, terribly tired. It's not fair, you know! Because I've succeeded—more by good luck than cleverness—in clearing up one or two mysteries, people seem to think I'm infallible. What the devil is there to investigate in a case like this!"

"I suppose you are referring to the strange death of St. Omer—the young painter whose body was found in the Bois de Boulogne last month?" I hazarded.

"Yes—to that—and to the puzzling case of Mademoiselle d'Anglemont, the society beauty who was found under similar conditions in the Forest of Senart. The newspapers have been yapping and yelping at me ever since; the most crazy theories have been advanced to account for their deaths. Personally I am inclined to agree with Dr. Maupert, who thinks that they died of natural causes."

I gnawed thoughtfully at my thumbnail. "Yes—" I concurred hesitatingly. "There is certainly nothing in his report to suggest they met with foul play. It would seem, moreover, that neither St. Omer nor the girl had a single real enemy—nor had they been robbed. On the other hand, Rousseau said there was something very queer in the way they were dressed when found."

"I know," Bertillon retorted impatiently. "That's the only thing I can't explain satisfactorily so far. It looked as though they were without their clothes when they died, and that the bodies were afterwards hurriedly dressed by some clumsy, inexperienced person. But even that could be explained in a dozen ways without foul play. Suppose the painter or the girl died suddenly—unexpectedly—while spending the night—at a friend's house—or with a sweetheart—you know what I mean. The fear of a scandal would naturally compel the friend to dress the body and carry it secretly to some isolated spot. Yet both were young and in robust health. Hand me that dossier again, will you—I'll just go over the details once more. Hulloa—the telephone—wait a second, and snatching up the receiver, he listened in ominous silence, his fingers drumming nervously on the table, and his brows drawn together in a furious frown.

"What—another—are you sure?" he cried dismally. "Yes—all right—we'll drive out there at once."

Meeting my questioning gaze, he groaned: "Simonne d'Arlys—she sang at the Odeon you know—has been found dead near Barizon; and according to Captain Duvernois of the gendarmes, there's something queer about the way the body is dressed. Well, this time maybe we'll find a clue that will help us. I sincerely hope so. Tell Rousseau to bring the big race—I want to get there quickly; I've a lot of work waiting."

Ten minutes later we had tumbled pell-mell into our most powerful car and were speeding along the broad highway to Fontainebleau. We spoke little during the journey, since none of us knew yet what had really happened.

I was glad when at last the pretty town of Fontainebleau was left behind and we roared along the hard-packed forest road, slowing down a moment at the Golden Keys Inn to pick up Captain Duvernois, who had waited to show our driver the way.

"Here we are—to the left—by that big tree," he directed as the car came to a stop with screeching brakes.

Waving us back, Bertillon walked to where

two burly country police were guarding the body, covered by a tarpaulin, and after a long and thoughtful scrutiny he set to work at once with his delicate instruments, swiftly manipulating lens and lamp, and as he worked his cranky humor dropped from him; a flush spread to his pale cheeks, and his keen eyes glittered feverishly.

"I don't know that I found much," he remarked modestly when at the end of an hour he rejoined us. "I'll get you to take some photographs, though. Whoever brought the poor girl to this spot holds the key to the mystery of the other deaths, too, and every wheeltrack and footprint must be carefully examined."

"I'll swear it was a man dressed the body after death. The hooks and buttons are all awry, and the shoes have actually been inverted—the left shoe forced on the right foot, and vice-versa. Only a man—working in a dreadful hurry or in the dark—would make such blunders."

"How did she die? That's what I want to know," the captain of the gendarmes asked curiously.

Bertillon shrugged his shoulders. "There is neither bruise nor cut—not even so much as a scratch on her. I don't think she's been poisoned either—her tongue is much too clean for that. The color of her lips and fingernails and the unusual, ghastly hue of her face seem to point to heart trouble—or—er—asphyxia."

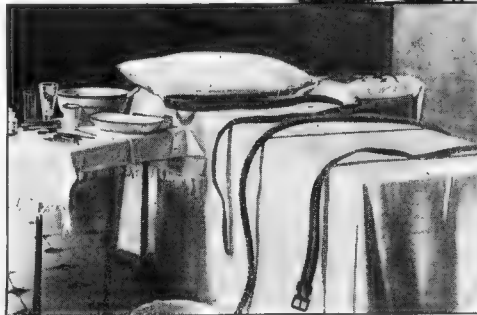
"There was nothing to show how St. Omer died either. Not a mark on him," Rousseau broke in, "except that his face was like a wax mask, as though he'd been drained of every drop of blood, he lay much like this."

"I know that," Bertillon retorted irritably. "But while I'm willing to admit, in a pinch, that it may be merely coincidence two people were found under similar conditions—both looking as though they had died suddenly from some mysterious but natural cause—it can no longer be put down to a simple coincidence when a young and popular singer, also in robust health until a few days ago, is found dead in a lonely forest glade, again without a scratch on her but with every sign of having been hurriedly dressed in the same slipshod manner as the others. No, no—I can no longer doubt that we are face to face with some new and subtle form of crime, and that the same criminal killed St. Omer, Mademoiselle d'Anglemont and this poor girl. The only point in common between the three is that they were all fond of seeking excitement in obscure cellar taverns and dangerous criminal dens. The society girl especially was romantic, and eager for new thrills and sensations. It may be a startling point for our inquiry. We must find out when Mlle. d'Arlys was last seen—and with whom—and if anyone remembers where she went."

"Well—there's nothing further for us to do here. Should the private life of this poor girl, or a secret infatuation for some unknown lover—if she had one—furnish no clue, I shall have to admit I have met my Waterloo. So far there's no indication whatever of a motive for the murder."

During the next twenty-four hours my chief was feverishly busy and the staff index showed me that every available member of the C. I. D. had been put on this latest mystery.

When late the following night Bertillon summoned me to his office, the black circles about



The Table on Which the Victims of the House of Terror Were Strapped Before Undergoing the Experiments.

his tired eyes, as also his drawn, haggard expression, proclaimed clearly that so far he had made little, if any, progress.

"It is up to you henceforth," he began wearily after a moment. "I'd like you and Rousseau to spend your evenings, and your nights if necessary in combing through our charming criminal haunts and so-called places of amusement. It sounds like a forlorn hope, I know, but you may just possibly overhear some scrap of talk that will put us on the right track—it's happened before. Colbert and Louys have had similar instructions. Dress in suitable rags and do your best; it's just a sporting chance. Report every trifle, however irrelevant it may seem; coincidence can be very queer at times."

"If you fail in the underworld, go the round of the better-class places, such as L'Abbaye de Thelème and Tabarin. If at the end of a week we've learnt nothing, I shall have to admit myself beaten."

The wistful look in Bertillon's eyes as he said this smote me to the heart—I vowed that if I failed, it would not be for want of trying.

"Is there nothing in Dr. Maupert's report of the post-mortem to help you?" I asked, halting at the door as a sudden thought struck me.

"Very little," he answered, "it is quite possible indeed that Simonne d'Arlys died a natural death after all. He vaguely mentions cardiac fibrillation—better known as 'delirium of the heart'—a rare enough condition, caused by shock usually. Even a mild electrical discharge will do it sometimes. The 'cardiac plexus'—a nerve center in the lower part of the heart, believed to be the regulator of its rhythm, suddenly goes mad and ceases to co-ordinate the pulsations so that the muscles merely vibrate instead of contracting in unison; the inevitable result being that the blood pressure swiftly diminishes, the brain ceases to receive its normal quota of blood, and the victim of this queer accident dies painlessly in less than a minute with no outward sign of the cause. Before doctors discovered the real reason for so many mysteri-

"We had, of course, adopted the usual gr corduroy trousers and peaked cap of the creature in some crime, lived chiefly on the earnings of a first night was just one of many, and heartily sick of carousing always in evil-smelling ing but vile 'argot,' when finally the sixth night,

ous and sudden deaths, these were just classified under the generic term of heart failure."

"It's still possible that Mademoiselle d'Arlys died a natural death then after all?"

"H-m-m—had we found her at home—in bed, or lying on the floor of her apartment, I'd say yes; but the fact that she was found so far from home, and had been hastily and clumsily dressed after death, makes that quite impossible. I know what you are going to say: the old theory—she may have died in her sweetheart's arms, in his flat, and he, terrified the papers would get hold of the story, dressed the dead girl as best he could, and drove with her to a deserted spot in the Forest of Fontainebleau. An admirable theory had this been the first and only case of its kind; but it's too much to assume that the same thing also happened to young St. Omer and to Mademoiselle d'Anglemont. No, no! We are facing a new and fiendishly clever series of crimes. The murders have been so perfectly planned, and the method used is so subtle, that I am still vainly seeking for a starting point. If I only knew where they went, and with whom they were last seen, but no one can tell me anything, apparently. So there you are, mon ami, it's up to you now."

I found Rousseau below gaily chatting with our janitor. There was nothing he liked better than drinking with all the riff-raff of the underworld at the expense of the State; a broad grin creased his good-humored face as he slipped his arm under mine and dragged me off to dinner at the nearby Cafe des Deux Palais. We discussed the queer case from every angle during the meal but even he failed to draw a reasonable explanation from his inexhaustible fund of experience. Our two colleagues, Louys and Colbert, looked in with the coffee, and gave us a list of the places they intended to visit, so that we should not waste time going there, too, and towards midnight we began our circuit, stumbling down the crazy stairs of the Caveau des Arts, an evil place hard by the Bastille, teeming with apaches and frowny women.

We had, of course, adopted the usual grimy sweater, bell-bottom corduroy trousers and peaked cap of the creatures who when not engaged in some crime, live chiefly on the earnings of their females; but each of us carried an efficient, silent automatic under his left armpit.

That first night was just one of many, and I at least had begun to be heartily sick of carousing always in evil-smelling taverns, and talking nothing but vile "argot"—when finally the sixth night, Chance, the law's staunchest ally, came unexpectedly to our aid. We had found seats at the Soupe aux Choux behind a noisy crowd

Detective Police

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Formerly of the Police Laboratories of Paris, Gives from His Experiences Some More Striking Examples of the Scientific Detection of Crime, Together With Photographs From the Official Records



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est ally, came unexpectedly to our aid. We had found seats at the Soupe aux Choux behind a noisy crowd, among whom I recognized La Pince, a notorious crackman, and his woman. The fellow was apparently spending the gains of a recent expedition as befitted a successful burglar, for about his table were grouped half a dozen flamboyant, painted creatures and their attendant knights, eager one and all to drink his health in corrosive rum or brandy.

among whom I recognized Julot La Pince—a notorious crackman, and his woman. The fellow was apparently spending the gains of a recent expedition as befitted a successful burglar, for about his table were grouped half a dozen flamboyant, painted creatures and their attendant knights, eager one and all to drink his health in corrosive rum or brandy.

I had been paying no particular attention to their foul sallies—indeed my thoughts were far away—when Rousseau abruptly gripped my elbow, indicating the crackman with a nod.

"That's the last of the 'penetes' (money), boys," La Pince was yelling, swaying drunkenly and staring about him with glassy eyes. "One more round of old Mother Borgia's poison, then I'll be tottering home. I'm starting early to-morrow to look for work!" A facetious remark that was received with yells of raucous laughter.

"You—work? Mazette!" A girl whose arm was about his neck scoffed. "What's wrong with you, breaking? Lost your jimmies and wire keys? I'll lend you mine!"

His amazing answer caused Rousseau actually to spill his wine—from that moment we listened with all our ears.

"Cribs are off for a time, ma belle," La Pince had said quietly, and the shiver that shook him from head to foot was unaffectedly genuine. "I've no hankering to share the fate of those three aristos (gentlefolks) whose pangs 'is still puzzling 'les renifleurs' (detectives)."

"Spit it out, Julot—what's the joke?" the girl gibed, "trying to string us?"

"Huh—joke, eh? If wolfraps and wires full of 'strong juice' (electricity) in the garden, an' a bunch o' crazy croakers tryin' to invent new ways o' rubbin' out (murder) are your idea of a joke, all right—it's a cinch—only—I'm not playin'! It was touch and go I didn't finish on a 'billard' (operating table) same as them three."

Despite the girl's wheedling insistence, La Pince refused to say more and the conversation quickly became general again, but we had heard enough. Here unquestionably was the clue for which we had been patiently seeking. The allusion to "them three" and "new ways of rubbin' out" was only too clear; and when towards dawn the fellow staggered off arm in arm with his woman and one of the girls, we followed close behind.

As soon as we had tracked him to his lair—a horrible grimy "hotel" in the rue Charenton—Rousseau mounted guard while I hurried to headquarters to inform my chief of this new development. He listened to my narrative with an excited glitter in his eyes, and when I came to the part that had so interested us, he gave a great cry, smashing his fist down on the table.

"By Jove! I believe you are right! Julot was undoubtedly alluding to the three strange deaths we are now investigating. He must have stumbled on the place where they were murdered and had a close shave himself; must have been pretty bad if it terrified an old timer like Julot La Pince—the records show him as quarrelsome, cruel and treacherous, although, curiously enough, loyal to his pals and brave when it comes to a fight.

"The problem is how to persuade him to lead you to this mysterious place; wolfraps eh?" And Bertillon paced feverishly up and down, his head sunk on his breast.

"Men like Julot naturally hate the police, and I doubt, even if we paid him well, whether he would take us there. You'll have to make his acquaintance somehow and even perhaps to suggest burgling this house together," and he smiled mischievously, "try to get his woman to back you if all else fail—unless I can think of something more subtle."

"How about our auxiliary La Pante—he is a desperate villain himself and can be trusted ever since you made him a deputy inspector," I suggested.

Bertillon was thoughtful a moment, then his face cleared:

"Yes—that's a good idea. You'll find him at the Vache qui Saute tonight. He is busy on a little job for me, but you can tell him to drop it. I'll send a man along to take his place. If he personally does not know La Pince, he'll probably find someone who does. Better get some rest now. Good hunting!"

That same night, accompanied by our little informer, who to his delight had recently been made a secret auxiliary of the police, we took up our position outside Julot's hotel, feeling sure he would emerge sooner or later to spend his night as usual in congenial company at some criminal haunt, and in this we were not mistaken.

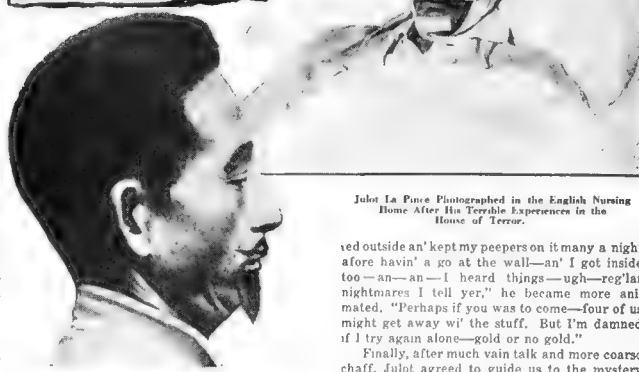
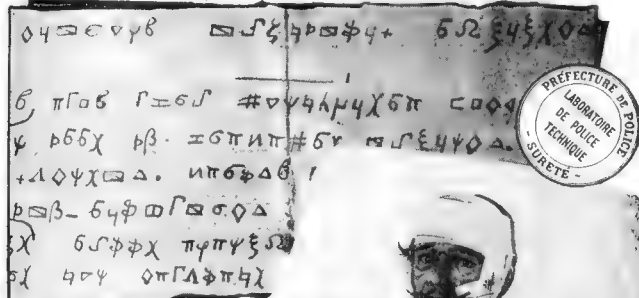
According to a preconcerted plan, Rousseau and I had hurried ahead as soon as we saw for which place the apache was making, so that by the time he arrived, we were installed before a huge and tempting "saladier" of hot, spiced wine.

Luck was on our side. Julot and our ally had fallen into conversation on the way, and he was thus able to lead him at once to our table without arousing suspicion. We had to proceed warily, but it was not the first time such a task had devolved on us, and after an incredible number of "saladiers" and bottles of brandy had been emptied, our grim and deadly guest had become as garrulous as a drunken woman. We decided therefore to risk a hint of the subject so near our hearts, our excuse being that it was long since

MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE is already well known to the readers of The American Weekly. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Surete (French Detective Police), the foremost of all modern scientific detectives. Again Mr. Ashton-Wolfe has gone over his notebooks and the records of the Paris Detective Bureau, and in his new series now gives further examples of how the unerring instruments of science in the hands of highly-trained men often uncover the most carefully concealed trails and clear up the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records. Some of the details have been set forth in dramatic form and purposely changed in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds or for other reasons," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of most of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."



Julot La Pince Photographed in the English Nursing Home After His Terrible Experiences in the House of Terror.

The Cipher Used by Dr. Murgastrop, and a Photograph the Doctor Taken at Charenton Asylum.

we had "done a job," and cash was getting scarce.

"I know of a 'joint' that'd pay all right," the apache hiccupped, wagging his head with maudlin gravity. "The fellows it belongs to are on the queer themselves, so they daren't squeal. A skirt o' mine, what I sent there—to get a job o' 'cleanin', heard 'em arguin' more'n once: 'No banks for me, professor—hic—gold—or nothin' an' damned handy at that—so's we can grab it and vanish any time!'"

"That's what one of 'em says. An' I'm-made up me mind ter have a shot at it. They keeps their 'pepetes'—hic—in a box—inside a cupboard, so Liz—my girl—said. She figured it all out for me—but she never got a chance to pinch it; she had ter do a bunk quick—damna quick in fact! Them two's real devils—worst nor any 'killer.' I ain't hankerin' ter finish on a 'billard.' Eh? Sure—somethin' like that. Experimentin' they are—to find new ways for croakin' aristos—that's m-m-y 'dea. Sometimes they grabs a gentleman of his hands like meself—an' sometimes they has a 'grand feed' and dopes the party invited. Liz saw it happen onct. An' there's wolfraps in the garden. Eh? Yes—they as near had me—ugh—the wicked grinnin' monkeys—so polite they was. If I hadn't just socked one of 'em on the nut wid me sandbag I'd be crowsait now."

"What, you—you afraid—La Pince? He-he! Yer kiddin'—Rousseau giggled, feigning to be as drunk as the man we were trying to inveigle into a "legitimate" burglary. "Want ter keep it all ter yerself, hein! Wot's goin' ter worry yer wid a—petard in your fist? One o' them new flat automatics, poppin' nine times?"

At the taunt the fellow's glazing eyes widened suddenly and his face turned a dirty grey.

"No good—what's shootin' against gas an' poison? I ought ter know. There's somethin' about the damn joint makes me shiver. I squat-

ted outside an' kept my peepers on it many a night afore havin' a go at the wall—an' I got inside too—an—an—I heard things—ugh—reg'lar nightmares I tell yer," he became more animated. "Perhaps if you was to come—four of us might get away wi' the stuff. But I'm damned if I try again alone—gold or no gold."

Finally, after much vain talk and more coarse chaff, Julot agreed to guide us to the mystery house, standing guard outside and free to go back should he feel too scared; but receiving half of all we found nevertheless—if we got away alive. He swore a mighty oath that if we disappeared, he would fetch a score of desperate apaches, blow in the door with a bomb and avenge us. His cunning little eyes flickered suspiciously over his new-found mates as he said this, and I realized the promise was also a threat with a double meaning. They would cut our throats if he didn't get his chance. It required all La Pante's eloquence to convince Julot we were to be trusted.

"Bien!" he exclaimed at last, slapping the table with a grimy hand. "Play fair an' I'm wid yer. I've got to trust yer inside the house alone coz I'm not goin' in again; but I'll wait outside, if it's a year! None of yer won't get far away with the swag for yerselves—an' you may lay ten to one on that. Cut yer hearts out I would—nom de Dieu!"

Bertillon was tremendously pleased when we recounted this conversation and told him of the arrangements we had made, yet, the first excitement past, he became very dubious about letting us go without an adequate bodyguard; since it was plain we should be facing no ordinary dangers, from both sides at once. Something horrible and mysterious had happened to the three victims of whom we knew, and something equally strange and horrible might easily happen to us also. Yet it was obvious that if we brought anyone else, Julot's suspicions would be aroused and the whole scheme come to naught. We promised to go well armed, however, and to shoot at the least sign of danger or treachery. With that our chief had to be content.

I confess that in my sleep I was haunted with strange, fearsome nightmares and often during the day that followed. I wondered if this was to be my last adventure; Rousseau appeared to be

Cocktail Costumes

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.



Over Tulle, Giving a Beguiling Rude. The Hat Is a Wide One of Black Lace Trimmed With a Feather Fan.

Sometimes this costume is called the "evening tailleur," and I prefer this name for it, though it is not as inclusive as the other, for some cocktail costumes are not tailleurs at all. However, a good many of them are. Molyneux's, for example, drawn on this page, is nothing else. It is made of black velvet, one of the favorite materials for this type, and has a really tailored jacket with revers and plain sleeves. The skirt is just like a street one, but longer. The blouse is of thin pink velvet, with drapery high over the line of the throat in front, and decollete in the back. The hat is a velvet-trimmed beret trimmed with glycerinated ostrich.

Imagine that you are invited to dinner and to see a new film afterwards. You appear at the table in a long and jockey, in a two-colored evening frock with the bodice decollete in the back. To go to the movies, you remove your hat and your jacket. Dancing, later, you leave off the jacket and the hat, too, if you like, though the dinner gown with hat combination is seen more and more in public. You are properly gowned all the evening, no matter what happens, and know that you have looked your best all the time. No wonder that such

Molynaux Is an Exponent of the Evening Tailleur. Here He Has Used Black Velvet, and Made It Into a Really Tailored Jacket With Revers and Plain Sleeves. The Hat Is a Velvet-Draped Beret Trimmed With Glycerinated Ostrich.



Maggy Rouff Is Having a Great Success With Her Modified Robes de Style. Here She Has Chosen Stiff Satin in a Deep Prune Color. The Skirt Flares Considerably Round the Feet and Has a Tightly Fitted Bodice. The Hat Is in Velvet, One of the So-called "Profile" Hats, With a Wide Brim All on One Side.

houses as Mainbocher, Lanvin, Molyneux, Heim and Marcel Rochu specialize in the evening tailleur. Maggy Rouff's model is a long-sleeved frock which she suggests for wear with a cape of fur. This model is

separate revers which can be taken off, leaving a plain gown of stiff rich prune-colored satin, cut down in a V front and back, with long sleeves. You would wear the revers and the hat to tea or during the cocktail hour, take off hat and revers for dinner, and remove the revers and cape for going out in the evening.

Brugere does the same type in a different way. She begins with a frock of black lace, cut down in a V front and back, with long sleeves. You would wear the sleeves stopping above the elbow. When you have a pretty dinner dress, if you want to, you could take the pre-dinner cocktail hour, and all the rest of the evening, which ties around you like a cape. The hat is velvet, with it is also of moire, trimmed with a broad black lace. You would wear this same combination and a fur coat or cape for going out in the evening.

Lacelle Parry Takes a Blouse and Skirt for the Cocktail Hour. She Makes Her Skirt an Ankle Length, and Cuts It With Her Favorite Fant Suggestion of Panniers on the Hips. This Gown Is Worn Under a Black Velvet Jacket or Under an Ordinary Evening Wrap, and With or Without a Hat. It May Be Worn to Small Dinners Without a Hat.

PARIS, Jan. 28.

NOT every dress-maker invents a novel costume, unless, of course, it is one that is intended to be worn for a new game or sport. Our own epoch, however, has originated an entirely new type, the so-called "cocktail costume," which can be worn to those informal assemblies that happen at five or six o'clock and take the place of the old-fashioned "tea," and which are so adaptable that they remain appropriate right through the evening. For cocktail gatherings have a way of developing into all sorts of other entertainments. They turn into bridge parties, or into informal dances to the radio or gramophone; or they may even be transformed into movie or theatre parties, or suddenly find themselves metamorphosed into a dinner at a restaurant, or a dance at a night club. No woman knows, when she leaves her house for a cocktail with friends at six o'clock, what she may be doing at midnight, and it became inevitable that a costume that could be adapted to all these divergent occasions should be invented by somebody.

I think we must give the credit to Paton. He was the first to show a semi-evening, semi-afternoon concoction, which usually began with a longish skirt, a blouse or bodice somewhat decollete, but in the back only, and a jacket, and was intended to be worn with a hat. Paton said he invented this type for the woman who went to dine in a restaurant with a gentleman not in evening dress. It filled a long-felt want and many women ordered it.

Then, all of a sudden, our intelligentsia discovered the movie. Hostesses of dazzling social importance would take their guests after dinner to see some much-discussed film as they had been used to taking them to the theatre. Regular dinner dress was found too formal for a movie theatre, yet one wanted something a little more festive

than an ordinary afternoon gown for the dinner before-hand. And when, after the film, parties began to go on to night clubs for a snack and a dance, a Froilan type that would look well on the dance floor, in competition with other women in evening dress, became a necessity. So that real contribution to the mode, the cocktail costume, was developed, and now all self-respecting dress-makers with a smart clientele are specialists in the art.

houses as Mainbocher, Lanvin, Molyneux, Heim and Marcel Rochu specialize in the evening tailleur. Maggy Rouff's model is a long-sleeved frock which she suggests for wear with a cape of fur. This model is

(Continued from Page 14)

"He wouldn't listen to any refusal. He had a special license in his possession. He—he made it very awkward for me. If it

AMERICA'S

smoothest

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of *The American Weekly*. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

Money-Saving Meats

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

JANUARY, shortest month of the year, is, nevertheless, likely to be the coldest period of the entire Winter. In any usual year, the middle weeks of February are a time when the household plumb-line family auto and the rest of the one responsible family marketing. Every day at each meal there must be a nourishing and satisfying dinner. The difficulties of shopping in inclement weather must be met at the same time and must not be buying with budget.

It is always the most expensive of the foods out of the year, in particular, the cost of the meat. To the cattle shortage and the causes, the home provision must buy with her dime still in hand. It is a fact that over. Possibly she may have to limit the choice of a prime cut on Sundays or other special occasions. But if this be the case, it will only be the opportunity to become acquainted with new or at least less often used cuts and portions of the meat animals which other groups and nationalities have long used and found delicious and adequate.

The writer may preface the following suggestions by mention of the fact that some years ago in a three months' tour through several European countries, she never tasted a beefsteak, never enjoyed a lamb chop and, with the exception of dear old England, never ate a roast of beef as we generally know it. And this not because she was following a vegetarian diet, but because the customs of these countries selected other cuts and sections of meat in preference. To begin with, instead of the prime and expensive rib roast, there may be selected the equally good shoulder cuts for roasting. Shoulder of pork, shoulder of

lamb or mutton, shoulder of veal; these cost about 1/2 less and when stuffed and well cooked are as delicious as one could wish. In this group also should be included the fresh ham—Winter chicken to you—excellent for its smooth chicken-like texture and solid meat for excellent slicing, hot or cold.

Next, there are many more pieces which may be pot-roasted or braised, to yield a dark rich gravy and meat of good, if more fibrous texture. The chuck, the shoulder, the round, the brisket; all may be cut into 3 to 6 pound pieces and treated to this cooking method. Braising, by the way, is a fine art and one which it were well to see returned to the modern kitchen. Unlike the skillet, the braising piece chooses the slow and deep kettle in which to achieve tenderness and flavor.

Braising is a cross or combination of pan-browning in a quick method with slow, gentle and sustained simmering over a long period. To braise successfully, one must lay the meat into a very hot vessel or pan and sear it just the right brown, over and over, or on all sides to keep the juices in.

When this searing is accomplished to each piece of the meat or the entire outside surface of a single large piece, the heat is reduced, a small amount of liquid added and the lid clamped down tight. This slow method breaks down the fibers, releases the juices and gives the rich dark gravy which is the characteristic of all such braised dishes. Try it, but remember that braising is one type of cooking which cannot be done in a hurry or without pot-watching.

The same braised method which is applied to the pot-roast is also adopted when making a stew, goulash, meat pie and the many dishes where the meat is divided into small pieces or bits, with much gravy. Here again, each small piece of meat is turned over and over at a high temperature and seared, then the heat reduced and a slow simmering followed.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Pineapple Whole Grain Milk Cheese Cream Toast Litcher Corn Pudding with Tomatoes Lettuce Banana and Ground Nut Salad Rabbit Herring Tea Dinner Pork Chops in Casserole Canned Rice or Spaghetti Steamed Green Vegetable Pineapple Cream Dressing Crackers	Breakfast Fruit Whole Grain Milk Peaches Graham Raisin Cakes Lettuce Lunch Scalloped Sausages Fried Egg Plant Salad Tomato and Coleslaw Crisp Bread Dinner Pork Chops in Casserole Canned Rice or Spaghetti Steamed Green Vegetable Pineapple Cream Dressing Crackers	Breakfast Fruit Scrambled Eggs with Dried Beef Graham Raisin Cakes Lettuce Lunch Scalloped Sausages Fried Egg Plant Salad Tomato and Coleslaw Crisp Bread Dinner Pork Chops in Casserole Canned Rice or Spaghetti Steamed Green Vegetable Pineapple Cream Dressing Crackers	Breakfast Fruit Cereal Toasted Graham Raisin Cakes Lettuce Lunch Scalloped Sausages Fried Egg Plant Salad Tomato and Coleslaw Crisp Bread Dinner Pork Chops in Casserole Canned Rice or Spaghetti Steamed Green Vegetable Pineapple Cream Dressing Crackers	Breakfast Fruit Creamed Cauliflower Tomato Mashed Potatoes Lettuce Lunch Scalloped Sausages Fried Egg Plant Salad Tomato and Coleslaw Crisp Bread Dinner Pork Chops in Casserole Canned Rice or Spaghetti Steamed Green Vegetable Pineapple Cream Dressing Crackers	Breakfast Fruit Pineapple Soft Cooked Eggs Milk Coffee Lunch Scalloped Sausages Fried Egg Plant Salad Tomato and Coleslaw Crisp Bread Dinner Pork Chops in Casserole Canned Rice or Spaghetti Steamed Green Vegetable Pineapple Cream Dressing Crackers	Breakfast Fruit Pineapple Soft Cooked Eggs Milk Coffee Lunch Scalloped Sausages Fried Egg Plant Salad Tomato and Coleslaw Crisp Bread Dinner Pork Chops in Casserole Canned Rice or Spaghetti Steamed Green Vegetable Pineapple Cream Dressing Crackers



NEW EASY WAY TO Perfect Chocolate Pie!

EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE PIE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3/4 cup water
Baked pie shell (9-inch)

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, stirring over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add water, stir until thoroughly blended. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with whipped cream if desired. Chill before serving.

Use any other recipe, and it'll take you 30 minutes! Cooking and stirring and watching to get the creamy-smooth filling! Don't forget to clip this magic recipe! But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.

American Weekly Patterns



PATTERN 3147—FOR YOUR NEW SPRING SUIT—A STUNNING BLOUSE. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards 39-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3153—THERE'S GAMMY TOWELS MAKE DISHWASHING A PLEASURE. Done in cross-stitch, you'll find them as much fun to embroider as they are to use afterwards. There's one motif for each day of the week, though only 3 are shown. Pattern 3153 contains seven motifs averaging 6 1/2 inches; embroidery directions; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches needed and material requirements.

PATTERN 3119—FOUR SIMPLE POCKETS AND MANY BUTTONS CREATE CHIC FOR SPORTS, SCHOOL, BUSINESS AND TRAVEL. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 34-inch fabric and 3/4 yard 39-inch contrasting.

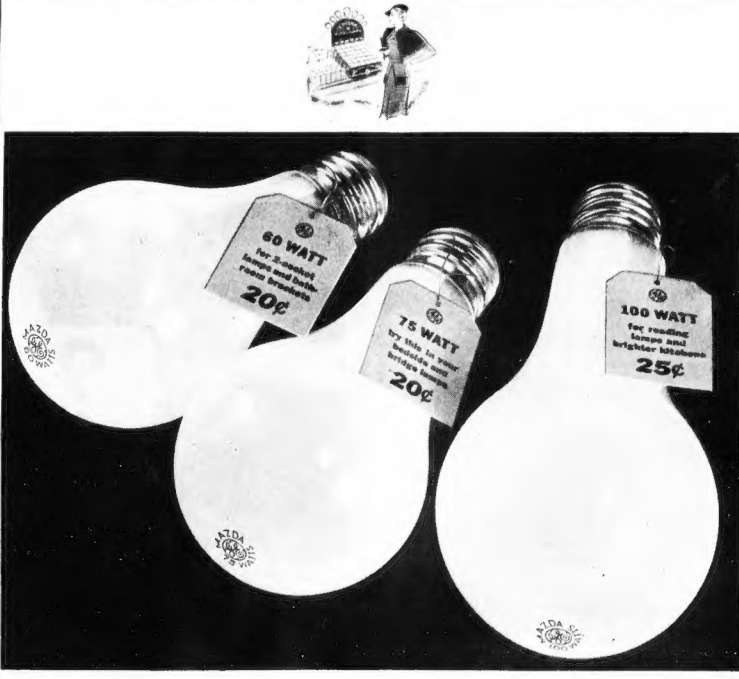
PATTERN 3008—SO SLENDERIZING, WITH THE DRAPE WHICH APPEARS FROM BENEATH THE SLEEVE TOP! Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric and 1 1/4 yards 5-inch ribbon.

PATTERN 3182—A SHIRRED BERTHA YOKE GIVES GRACE AND EASE TO A YOUNG FROCK. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 34-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3181—THE YOKES THE THING! BUTTONS DO BUSINESS FOR MANY TRICKS! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards 39-inch fabric and 3/4 yard contrasting.

PATTERN 3122—CHOOSE A GOOD DRESS BODY AND LET THE NECKLINE PLAY MANY TRICKS! Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH. Every pattern comes a large, complete, easy-to-follow sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, with plenty of PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIGN YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and allow your envelope to THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



Speaking of bargains...

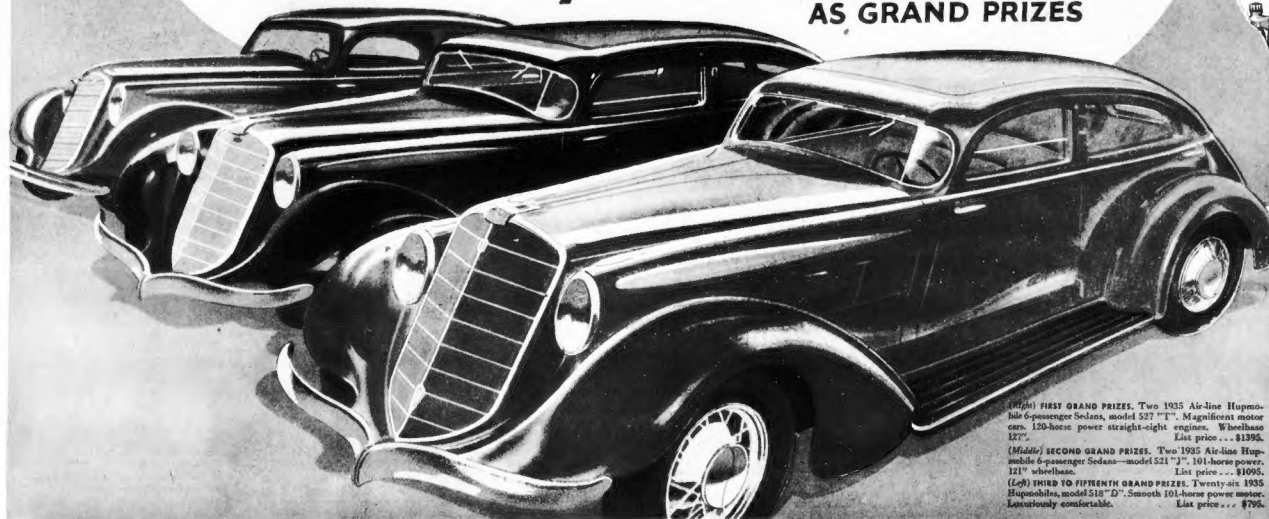
IF you like to get a lot for your money, here are astonishing values... lamps that are made with the finest precision... tested and inspected 480 times to guard against the smallest imperfections. They are generous with light... economical with current... and they don't burn out too soon. All this for 20¢! Even the 100-watt Edison MAZDA lamp costs only 25¢. Why take chances?

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

\$56,300 IN PRIZES

30 Thrilling 1935 Hupmobiles

AS GRAND PRIZES



(Left) **FIRST GRAND PRIZES.** Two 1935 Air-line Hupmobile 6-passenger Sedans, model 527 "T". Magnificent motor cars, 120-horse power straight-eight engines. Wheelbase 127". List price... \$13,950.

(Middle) **SECOND GRAND PRIZES.** Two 1935 Air-line Hupmobile 6-passenger Sedans—model 521 "J". 101-horse power, 121" wheelbase. List price... \$10,950.

(Right) **THIRD TO FIFTEENTH GRAND PRIZES.** Twenty-five 1935 Hupmobiles, model 518 "D". Smooth 101-horse power motor. Luxuriously comfortable. List price... \$7750.

CHOSEN AS AMERICA'S SMARTEST CAR FOR 1935 BY PRIZE COMMITTEE

"Pick out the smartest car in America for 1935. Look them all over at the previews. Select the car which unquestionably gives the maximum rating in beauty, performance, riding comfort and dependability."

These were the instructions laid down by the Seminole

Paper Corporation for its Prize Committee... Unanimously they chose the 1935 Air-line Hupmobile.

That's why HUPMOBILES have been selected as the GRAND PRIZES in the Seminole contest described below. Hupmobile leads today in beauty and performance. And Hupmo-

bile still leads in the same rugged dependability that has given it a 27-year title as "the car of the American family."

Go and see these thrilling cars at the nearest Hupmobile dealer's. Take one out on a stiff demonstration. Then you'll be even more enthusiastic about this contest!

7930 PRIZES GIVEN AWAY

Here it is—the kind of a contest you have always wanted, a contest as easy as pie to win. So simple, so easy to enter and win that it seems like a fairy tale. And besides of valuable prizes, 7930 prize awards. Think of that, 7930 beautiful, practical prizes, including 30 thrilling 1935 Hupmobiles. What a contest! And what a cinch to win—7930 prizes.

EASIEST TO WIN CONTEST EVER HELD. We say that because your grocer or druggist will help you to win. That makes it twice as easy as other contests. You can actually count on his helping you to win because half the prize awards listed on this page go to dealers who have helped to make their customers prize winners.

Decide now to win your share of the 7930 prizes. Read the simple contest rules printed alongside of the contest picture and enter the contest at once. Send as many entries as you wish—the more the merrier—and the more chances you have of getting one of the 30 big thrilling 1935 Hupmobiles or other prizes.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES

- First 30 Awards—Thrilling 1935 Hupmobiles
- Next 100 Awards—Famous Stewart Warner Radios, 4 Models
- Next 300 Awards—Toastermasters and Hospitality Tray Sets
- Next 2500 Awards—Glo-lite Flameless Cigarette Lighters
- Next 5000 Awards—Campana Italian Balm Combination Sets (Dispenser and Balm)

7930

EASY TO WIN—HERE'S HOW!

tell us in 50 words or less what the GROCER is SAYING about SEMINOLE!*



FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES TO WIN

- (1) Write or print, on the reverse side of a Standard Bathroom Tissue wrapper, (or facsimile) using 50 words or less, what you think the grocer is saying to the customer about "Seminole" (see picture below).
- (2) Sign your answers with your name and full address, and the name and address of your dealer. Use pencil or ink.

No limit to the number of answers you can submit. The more you send the better your chance of winning one of the big, brand new, thrilling 1935 Hupmobiles, or one of the other many prizes. No contestant to receive more than one prize award. Do not write more than one answer on a wrapper.

Mail your answers as quickly as you complete them to Seminole Contest, P. O. Box 828, Chicago, Ill. All your answers must be postmarked on or before midnight, Friday, March 15th, 1935. No employees of Seminole Paper Corp., nor members of their families, nor their advertising agents, are eligible to enter.

Prizes will be awarded for best answers in opinion of the judges. Divisions of judges are to be considered as final by all contestants. The judges are Katherine Fisher, Director, Good Housekeeping Institute; Christine Frederick, Domestic Science Editor, American Weekly; and David D. Herrold, Professor of Advertising, Northwestern University, Chicago, Ill. Prize winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after contest closes. No entries returned. In the event of ties for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

Retail Grocers, Store Managers, Druggists, Dealers
Dealers will receive prizes identical to the prizes awarded their prize-winning customers. (15 of the 30 Hupmobiles will be awarded to dealers, 5 of the 100 Stewart Warner Radios, etc.) Dealers to be eligible for these duplicate prizes, should make attractive displays of Seminole and call customers' attention to the ones listed at bottom of page.

Important! The more answers your customers send in, the more opportunities you have to win. Ask your customers to mention your name and address on each answer they submit. Prize winning dealers will be notified by mail at the same time their prize winning customers are notified.

100 LONG—SHORT—DUAL WAVE 1935 STEWART WARNER RADIOS

10 Model 1265 All Wave Radios (Illustrated)
20 Model 1274 All Wave Radios
20 Model 1256 Dual Wave Radios
30 Model 1271 All Wave Radios

Seminole
Snow White Cotton-Soft
FULL 1000 SHEETS

CLUES SEMINOLE IS
—Cotton-Soft
—Super-Absorbent
—Fully Perfumed
—Completely Wrinkled
—1000 Sheets
—350 to 500 more sheets than ordinary toilet tissue

300 1935 TWO-SLICE AUTOMATIC TOASTMASTERS AND HOSPITALITY TRAY SETS

2500 GLOLITE
Flameless and Windproof Cigarette Lighters, Flameless and Windproof

SEMINOLE PAPER CORP. — Division of INTERNATIONAL PAPER CO. — World's Largest Paper Makers
Chicago, Ill.